The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 213. Vol. XXXVI. JUNE, 1909. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 105

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 110

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 112

THE READER—
- Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Prof. George Saintsbury ... 113
- Swinburne and his Circle. By James Douglas 117
- Swinburne and Eton. By Blanche Warre Cornish 123
- The Genius and Influence of Swinburne: A Symposium ... 126
- "The Bookman" Prize Competitions 131
- The Down Grade in Literature. By Dr. William Barry ... 132

NEW BOOKS—
- Headless History. By Thomas Seccombe 133
- History in Romance. By Walter Jerrold 134
- The Awakening of China. By M. H. H. Macartney 135
- The Spirit of London. By Coulson Kernahan 136
- Two Autobiographies 137
- Turkey Reforming Herself . . 138
- Law and Literature 138
- Marion Crawford's Last Novel ... 139
- Nietzsche. By Edward Thomas 140
- "Marriage *à la Mode*" 141
- Hours in a Library... 141
- The Romance of Furs. By J E. Patterson 142
- The Bancrofts and their Friends 142

NOVEL NOTES—
- The Infamous John Friend—Faith—Cecilia Kirkham's Son—Holborn Hill—The Trickster—Much Ado about Something—The End and the Beginning—Our Adversary—These Little Ones ...142-6

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
- The Faith and Works of Christian Science—The Third French Republic—Old London—The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review—Wat Tyler 146-7

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 147

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 148

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Mr. George Meredith has followed his friend and compeer into the silent land. He died after a short illness early on Tuesday, May 18. Mr. Swinburne, who never gave praise that was not due, was the first to write of him as he deserved to be written about. This was nearly sixty years ago. It was long before the world came round to Mr. Swinburne's judgment, but it did come, and for years George Meredith has been the gracious and beloved monarch of English letters. He died in the fulness of his fame and powers. Next month we hope to pay fuller tribute to this great man and illustrious writer.

News Notes.

An article on the poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne, entitled "The Laureate of the Sea," written by a well-known author and critic, will appear in The Bookman for July.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is visiting London again, renewing acquaintance with old friends here and making many more. Mrs. Wiggin has completed a new story, "Susanna and Sue," which will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who will also issue shortly entirely new editions of two of her most popular books, "Rose o' the River" and "The Old Peabody Pew."

"Beggars" is the title Mr. William H. Davies has given to a volume of autobiographical sketches written in the manner of his "Autobiography of a Tramp." The book will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Duckworth.

During some repairs to the vicarage of Ostrau, near Wittenberg, Germany, several interesting Luther relics were brought to light just recently. They included a number of letters written by Dr. Martin Luther, several letters from Philip Melanchthon, and sixteen pages of the original translation of the Bible. The translation consists of

part of the Book of Jeremiah. By the way, a new edition of Dr. Martin Luther's Letters has been prepared by the well-known littérateur Reinhard Buchwald, for the German publishing house, Insel Verlag of Leipsic.

The brilliant lecture on Swinburne that Mr. J. W. Mackail delivered before the University of Oxford on April 30 last has been issued in pamphlet form (1s. net) by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Mackail thinks that for Swinburne's purely lyrical work "no praise could well be too high," but that much of his poetry is art of the second order, because, as Morris pointed out, "it is grounded on literature, not on nature." Of Swinburne's critical work he says admirably: "While his way of expressing himself is irritating and indefensible, his knowledge is complete and his judgment nearly faultless." The lecture is a sound and scholarly piece of literary criticism—a valuable aid to the study and appreciation of the great poet who was "the last flower in poetry of the earlier or mid-Victorian age. He passes away now as its last or almost its last survivor; and to this unconscious witness is borne by the fact that even in recent years he continued to be instinctively thought of as one of the younger poets; not as one older, by nearly a generation, than others who write to-day, but rather as the younger colleague of Tennyson and Browning, of Arnold and Rossetti and Morris; like the youngest brother in a fairy tale, whose youth is part of his definition, and who remains, so far as his place in the story is concerned, always a boy."

There are some interesting personal recollections of Swinburne by Mr. Frank Harris in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*. About eleven years ago, Mr. Harris dined with him and with Mr. Watts-Dunton at "The Pines," and describes the conversation. Swinburne ranked Victor Hugo with Shakespeare, and quoted some of Hugo's verses: "excellent rhetoric which he gave wonderfully, his whole face lighting up, the auburn mane thrown back, the greenish eyes flaming, the great dome of the forehead giving weight to the swift sonorous words. . . . When he got interested he crossed his legs and uncrossed them, jerking one upon the other rapidly almost like an epileptic. He was evidently very excitable: the mind and nerves far stronger than the body—over-engined, so to speak, like Shakespeare. Indeed, in a thousand ways he reminded me of what Shakespeare must have been: the same swiftness of speech and thought, the same nervous excitability, the same physique, the little

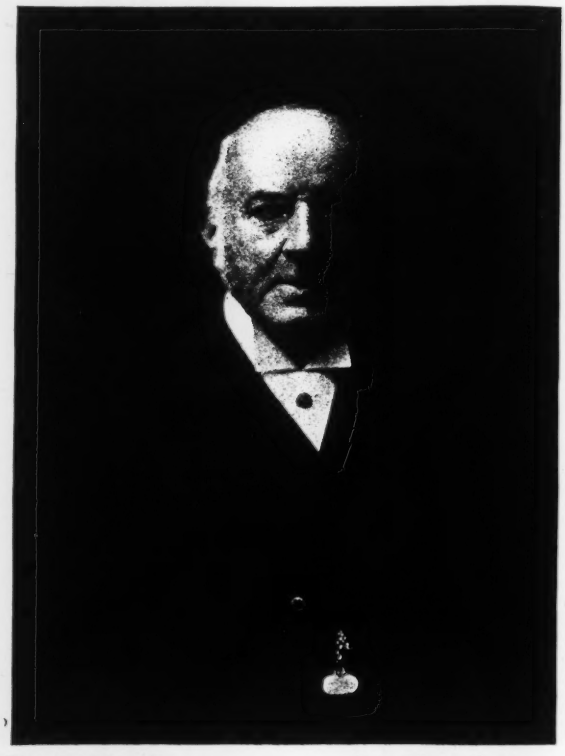


Photo by Adolphus Tear. **Mr. Eyre Hussey.**

podgy body, the domed forehead, the auburn hair, only the eyes were different—Shakespeare's a light hazel, Swinburne's a greenish grey."

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel, "The Slaves of Allah," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, appears opportunely, whilst the great revolution in Turkey is still a live topic of the day. As private secretary to Baker Pasha Mr. Burgin saw a good deal of Turkey and of the ways of the Turk who is no longer to be called unspeakable, and in his latest story he uses that knowledge to very excellent purpose.

One of the breeziest, most delightful of latter-day humorists is Mr. Eyre Hussey; his novels deal largely with sport and usually have a sensational element, but he gets a good deal of his characteristic humour into them. He is so unlike most other humorists that it is difficult to persuade him to take himself seriously. You will get no information about him from the literary reference books, and if you ask him about himself, he dodges you at the outset by saying he rowed in the Eton Eight as far back as 1857–8, and that he has done nothing worthy of note beyond firing the first shot at the first Wimbledon meeting, after the Queen had fired the opening one. You fired from 300 yards, standing, in those days, and, says Mr. Hussey, "they didn't record

Photo by the Biograph Studio. **Mr. Horace Wyndham.**

me a bull's eye, as they did in her Majesty's case, but then I only hit the outside."

Mr. Hussey writes with an obvious love of nature, human nature included. He has published eight novels and has met in the flesh most of the characters he has portrayed in them. In his experience, blood-and-thunder villains are not common, and he has come to the conclusion that if the conventional villains of fiction ever really existed they must have been kicked into their right minds before he came across them. He has no particular method of work; as a rule when he begins a story he has nothing more than the vague thread of an idea and does not know what is going to happen. "I once," he says, "wrote a book, 'Dulcinea,' in which a philanthropic bookmaker had a scheme for turning betting-men into subscribers to his Fighters' Aid Society, but unfortunately the publisher let it rot." Three times Mr. Eyre Hussey has held the Championship of the Archers of Great Britain, and as a lover of that steadily reviving sport he wrote the "Practical Archery" in the Badminton Library series.

Mr. Horace Wyndham, whose new novel, "Mortimer's Marriage," has just been issued by Mr. John Milne, made his literary debut with a volume entitled "The Queen's Service" in 1900, under the auspices of Mr. Heinemann. Since then he has written eight novels and two other books, in addition to being responsible for a very large amount of journalism. Despite this prolific output, however, Mr. Wyndham admits that he writes with extreme difficulty. "I do not believe," he says, "in sitting down before a blank sheet of paper and waiting for an inspiration. If I were to do that, it would take me a week to fill a single page. What an author wants is determination first, and inspiration afterwards." Perhaps Mr. Wyndham's most popular novel was "Audrey the Actress," which, like his "Flare of the Footlights," went out of print within a few weeks of publication. Another of his stories, "Brother Officers," was serialised in the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* before appearing in book form, and a second will shortly run its course through a group of newspapers. At present Mr. Horace Wyndham is at work on a long novel, which he expects will run to about 120,000 words. It is written in the vein of his well-known satirical study, "Reginald Auberon," and reintroduces that engaging personality. Prior to its appearance, however, he will be represented by a small book dealing with the theatre and entitled "The Magnificent Mummer." This is to be published almost immediately.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema asks us to mention that she is building a Hall of Industry and Happy

Photo by Lafayette, London. **Earl Winterton.**
The new editor of the *World.*

Photo by C. Hirsbrunner, Lucerne. **Miss Frances Burmester.**

Hours where the children of the village of Wittersham, in Kent, may learn useful handicrafts and be helped to a higher standard of pleasure than is now within their reach. The erection of the Hall has provided employment during the past winter for a number of the villagers who would otherwise have been out of work, and in order to raise funds for the completing of her scheme Miss Alma Tadema is selling the remainder of her privately printed books, and will gratefully send one of the volumes with her autograph in return for a donation. A list of the books and any further particulars may be had on application to Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, The Fair Haven, Wittersham, Kent.

Miss Frances C. J. Burmester is busy on a new novel; the scenes of it are laid in Rome, and it will be a representative story of a particular phase of Roman life. Miss Burmester is an Essex woman, but of late years has spent much of her time on the Continent, particularly in Italy. She left England last October to pass the winter and spring on the Bay of Naples and in Florence, and was staying at Messina shortly before the Earthquake tragedy.

"A Summer Garden" is the title given to a seasonable book by Miss Annette Furniss that Mr. Elkin Mathews is bringing out this month. The author discourses pleasantly of the Dower House, a Garden, Pilgrimages, Imagination, Harmony, Courtyards, Finalities, etc., all being told in the form of a story.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence, whose new novel, "Much Ado about Something," we review on another page, is by no means a fledgeling in the world of letters, since for the last thirteen years he has been actively occupied in Mr. John Murray's literary and editorial department. He was born thirty-eight years ago, and was educated in private schools at New Malden and Blackheath. When he came to London in 1887 to enter commercial life on the humblest rung of the ladder, he joined the evening classes of the City of London College, and has never lost interest in that admirable institution, of which he always speaks in terms of warmest gratitude. He is now a member of its Governing Body, which also has on its Board that good man and good writer Mr. Pett Ridge. After some very diverse and not happy experiences in City offices, Mr. Lawrence became secretary to the present Bishop of Birmingham, and remained with him during the seven years he was Canon Gore of Westminster. In his younger days Mr. Lawrence was a keen volunteer and cricketer and an active secretary of the City of London College Debating Society and economic classes. He has done a good deal of essay writing, and is on the reviewing staff of the *Daily Chronicle*. At present he is at work on a new novel, but as he is a slow writer it is impossible to say when this will be ready.

We are particularly indebted to the Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, who has kindly permitted us to reproduce her miniatures of Swinburne and of nine members of his family. The miniatures were painted by her from originals by Cosway and Chalon, from old paintings and daguerreotypes, and in each case, to ensure accuracy in the matter of colour and texture, she had the original hair to copy from. Lady Jane Swinburne and her daughters gave Mrs. Henniker Heaton most valuable advice, during the progress of the work, and were perfectly satisfied with the likenesses.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Fredk. Hollyer for permission to reproduce his admirable photographs of Watts's and Rossetti's portraits of Swinburne, and the portrait of William Morris; and to Mr. A. C. Gould, to the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*, to Mr. H. P. Baerlein, to Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Smith Elder, Messrs. Geo. Allen, and Mr. John Murray, for permission to use other of the illustrations in this number.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S ADDRESS TO THE AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

(We have special pleasure in printing the following witty address in rhyme which was delivered by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Litt.D., on April 29, 1909, at the twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Authors, of which George Meredith was President. The address was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Edmund Gosse, LL.D., was in the chair; Anthony Hope proposed the toast of "The Guests," and, sharing the response with the Rt. Hon. the Lord Collins, Kate Douglas Wiggin spoke as follows:)

Mr. Chairman, good friends, fellow authors at table,
I fear I shall find myself not very able
To deal with that difficult subject "The Guests";
Still, one cannot evade Dr. Gosse's behests.
If only he'd said: "Talk of 'Palates of Snails,'
'The Uses of Radium,' 'Women in Jails,'
'Revisions of Tariff' or 'Copyright Laws,'
'The Prospects of Holland' or 'Rumours of Wars'"—
You can "read up" such topics in encyclopædias;
You're sure of your facts, if you're frequently tedious!

I myself am a guest from across the blue wave—
"The land of the free and the home of the brave"
Native singers have styled it, and yet, I suppose,
We cannot monopolise phrases like those.
Notwithstanding your Princes, your Kings, Courts, and Thrones—
Institutions our infant Republic bemoans—
Your "freedom," your "bravery," needless to tell,
Appear to be standing the test rather well!

Do you know what I see as I stand here the guest
Of the flower of London, its cleverest, best,
Its dramatists, editors, novelists, sages?
I see *you* as you *are*, then, as heirs of the ages!
Your laurels are green, I see others unfaded
Tho' centuries cold are the brows they once shaded—
See ghosts of immortals whose eloquent words
Made England a forest of rare singing birds;
Magicians whose tales are still fresh to the ear:
They spoke, they still speak, and the world bends to hear.
I own the same tongue, so I share in the glory
That makes Britain famous in song and in story.
(We imperilled our heritage slightly, you'll say,
When we ventured from out your dominion to stray,
But not one Pilgrim sailed for his bleak Plymouth Rock
Till Shakespeare was born, so we're stock of his stock!)

Later, gods grew more scarce and the half-gods appeared;
'Twas the same on our side: lower altars we reared
When our Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier passed,
With Hawthorne and Holmes, and dear Lowell at last.
Yet though we meet often the Homer who "nods,"
We must still pour libations to gods and half-gods—
Those who smile, grave, serene, from the heights of Olympus,
And smaller ones, somewhat addicted to simpers;
We must bow to a genius whenever we see one,
If heroes aren't worshipped there'll soon cease to *be* one!
They used to be big, now the little ones lead:
They can always *write* books if they can't always *read*!
Soon, among the small fry, with their hustlings and jostlings
Instead of a critic like Gosse we'll find *Gosselings*!

Our pedestals stand rather empty of late,
Each for its Colossus doth patiently wait.
One is just newly filled; golden voice, heart of fire,
What eloquent strains he has swept from his lyre!
The thrushes that sing o'er that freshly made grave
Make music no sweeter than Swinburne once gave
To a world that talks less of a poet's bird-notes
Than armies and navies and feminine votes.
Is it this that puts bitterness into the heart
Of a singer who lives *for*, but not *by* his art?
Poor John Davidson's gone: he was hopeless and sad;
If now he's at peace, we can only be glad
That the "weariest river" when once it flows free
Finds somehow and somewhere its path "to the sea.'

Now from sorrow to gratitude; blessings are many,
Tho' up to this moment I've not mentioned any!
There is one splendid voice that is still ringing true,
One worthy to rank with the immortal few;
Old or young he's as full as a reed is of pith—
Your President, God bless him, George Meredith!
The novelists needn't lose courage and mope,
For while they have Hawkins they always have *Hope*;
Or if they're depressed in a casual way
There's a tonic just out—Wells's "Tono-Bungay"—
And the knowledge that cheers us, encourages, heartens,
That "nothing's the matter" with Herr "Maarten Maartens"
(I give him his pen-name: my Muse never courts
A Dutch rhyme for Herr Van der Poorten und Schwartz!)

These then, fellow scribes, are the thoughts of a guest
Who tacitly in her first sentence confessed
She hadn't a notion of speeches at dinners,
For on these occasions the *men* are chief sinners.
I thank dear Edmund Gosse for the honour conferred
In letting me speak for the guests this brief word;
Lord Collins I thank for dividing the toast,
Especially when in himself he's a host.
And last, friends and authors, I'm glad to be here,
Not alone for the wit and the mirth and good cheer,
But because we are sounding the praises to-night
Of an art in whose service lies joy and delight.
Talk of angels! Poor angels, they play and they sing,
But never a quill do they pluck from a wing!
They've only their harps—no paper, no ink;
I'd rather be author than angel I think;
I'm nearly submerged in a crowd of my betters,
But proud to be counted a woman of letters!

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *May* 20, 1909.

WHEN two countries speak the same language and write it similarly, but for a u or two, when they interchange authors, and exchange printed books freely, but for the depredations of the greedy American Customs House, it is curious that their literary organisation should remain so greatly at variance. In a score of ways that leap to the eye of any one who concerns himself with the more material side of book production, conditions in America and England vary. One of those things which must, on his arrival in America, particularly impress the Englishman is the seriousness with which Americans take their serials.

This is for several reasons. The most obvious of all is that America swarms with every conceivable sort of magazine, for, where serial publication is important, periodicals, naturally enough, must swarm. In England, speaking broadly, there are only the quarterlies and reviews—to whose excellence, by the way, the younger nation has never attained—and a number of sixpenny and fourpenny-halfpenny and even cheaper popular monthlies and weeklies.

America, on the other hand, shelters under her eagle's wings more magazines than one could name in many hours' continuous talking. The friendly helper of America's budding authors is a publication called "One Thousand and One Places to Sell Manuscript," and, after an amazed examination of some of New York's bookstalls, I am driven to think that the compiler of this booklet must have showed in his selections the same snobbish exclusiveness that goes to the preparing of America's "Social Register," in which are set down the carefully culled names of those of her citizens who have socially—as the national phrase puts it—"made good." For surely there are in America far more than one thousand places to send manuscripts! To begin with, there is the band of thirty-five cent monthlies, the aristocracy of the magazine world, and after them, a rather mixed gathering of periodicals priced at "a quarter" (American colloquialism for a coin about equal to a shilling), then follows a mighty army of fifteen-centers and a horde of ten-centers, and last of all, a rabble—some surprisingly good and most very unsurprisingly bad—of which the price is only "a nickel," or five cents.

Pretty well all these magazines publish a serial, many of them publish several, and therefore it is but natural that the ordinary American author counts that day a very blue one which sees the publication in volume form of a novel of his for which he has not previously secured the glory and profit of a serial run.

But this, of course, is only what might be expected. The curious thing is the extreme seriousness with which all American readers view the serial. In England, I should be inclined to think that, speaking broadly, intelligent people living in the large centres do not bother their heads greatly over serials. I do not remember ever to have heard any one mention in the course of talk in a London drawing-room any serial which chanced then to be running in an English magazine. Very seldom have I seen in English print—outside advertising columns—any reference to a story then running in a contemporary periodical. In short, the path of the serial in England is a modest, unnoticed one. In America, on the other hand, the well-read man or woman makes a point of keeping in touch with the serial stories in the better magazines. It is a national characteristic, or rather perhaps an infection in the air that takes possession of one as he steps off the gang-plank at New York, and, when he re-embarks, leaves him as abruptly as it came.

One thing which at present appeals particularly to the imagination of the American people is the anonymous serial. Two such fictional mysteries are just concluding their runs; one in *Harper's* and one in the *American Magazine*. The *Harper's* serial is called "The Inner Shrine" and has stirred up a remarkable fuss. Never, according to the editors, have so many members of the public begged them for advance proofs. The story has been attributed by some folk to Mrs. Wharton. I doubt very much if their guess is a right one. If it is, the reason for the author's anonymity is obvious, for the story is far from being up to Mrs. Wharton's level and suffers from that irritating characteristic which many foreigners notice in the better-class American story—a seeming inability on the part of the author "to get any forwarder." The other anonymous story (which indeed does not strictly deserve the adjective, since the author has chosen to conceal his identity under a name which is quite obviously fictitious) is called "Margarita's Soul," a story of distinctly unusual tone. So competent a judge as Miss Gilder attributes it to W. J. Locke, but with this guess, too, I do not sympathise.

Indeed it is a safe, though cynical, supposition that the anonymous author usually conceals his name because he thinks no name at all is a greater commercial asset than his own. Therefore anonymity suggests insignificance, and one hesitates to believe that a blank title-page is really the mask of an Edith Wharton or of a W. J. Locke. Now and then, to be sure, distinguished people for some special reason conceal their identities. Usually the coyly anonymous is one whose identity would be little plainer to the public did he consent to reveal his name.

"An Englishman's Home" is being published here in book form and is giving Americans a wider oppor-

tunity than did its acted version to acquaint themselves with the piece which has so stirred up England. The acted version, by the way, did not have a great success in New York, and on the night when I saw the piece the audience bore, in many places, the appearance of persons who had been given tickets in exchange for allowing theatre-posters to be stuck up in their shop windows. The play's non-success is easily enough explained on the grounds of its exceedingly high local colour.

Probably its failure was a source of some satisfaction to such Englishmen as chance to live in New York, for it is not a piece which reflects much glory on their native country, and the patriot must hesitate to have it sent forth into foreign lands as representative of England's courage and intelligence. His feelings, indeed, about the exporting of this play must have been much the same as those which have afflicted expatriated Americans in England ever since Mr. Frohman and his colleagues have taken so freely to importing to the London stage a selection of pieces which tend largely to set before the untravelled Englishman a picture of the typical American as a creature with the business principles of a hyena and such social graces as might be associated with the gentler tribes of cannibals.

In the case of the book which has been made from the play in question, success or non-success will not so greatly affect the Englishman jealous of the good reputation of his home-country. Any one can tolerate a stranger's reading ill of him in cool black and white, but it is more than human nature can bear to sit complacent amongst strangers while he is being represented in tangible form as the most exaggerated form of incompetent and selfish imbecile.

David Graham Phillips is an American novelist whose popularity and fame have only lately, it would seem, spread to England. That they have now so spread to a certain extent, I judge to be the case from the fact that the American papers are expressing their pain and distress at a comparison made by an English review in connection with Mr. Phillips's latest story, "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig." This English review insinuated that the rather unprepossessing Craig was a later-day version of the martyr Lincoln. Americans don't like this.

In America, Mr. Phillips is widely read. Amongst other fictional accomplishments, he has the instinct that leads him to tell the American people of things it wants to hear about. His stories introduce usually a business element, deal often with Westerners—almost invariably an attraction to American readers—and touch frequently on the rottenness of society in big cities. He has, too, a gift for titles. His next book, so he tells me, will be called "The Hungry Heart." Appleton's are to publish it in the United States in August, and it will appear in England too.

This book is now quite finished, and Mr. Phillips is working at another novel. About this he speaks against the dictates of his judgment, "for" says he, "I've a sort of rule against saying what I'm going to do. I've observed that fate has a grim way of taking advantage of such predictions for an exhibition of its power." Defying fate, however, Mr. Phillips says a word or two to the effect that the new book will be ready a year from next autumn, and will be, perhaps, three hundred thousand words long. This great length would suggest that Mr. Phillips will have little time for play between now and then. However, he is an exceedingly swift writer and confessed in an interview the other day that he usually turned out from seven thousand to eight thousand words daily.

One would have supposed that Mr. Emerson Hough, who wrote "The Mississippi Bubble," would have been put into a sufficiently good humour by his position this month at the head of the list of best selling novelists in the United States to think well even of the weather, and that chaperoning body, the American Weather Bureau. Such is not the case, however, and Mr. Hough has just seen fit to attack the Weather Bureau publicly in a manner which cannot be described as gentle. The Weather Bureau is, naturally enough, greatly pained over this, though I do not think they are retaliating as they might do by violent criticism of Mr. Hough's latest fictional success, "54 Or Fight." Perhaps they plan to avenge themselves by inducing the skies to rain on Mr. Hough's birthday every year henceforth till he is a hundred.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson—better known by the two first names alone—an aged American novelist who has just died, was in her prime an author of tremendous popularity. To the younger generation she is not even a name, and if, desirous of kindling in the youthful breast an enthusiasm for the old-time favourite, one of the old folks hands "St. Elmo" or "Vashti" to his son or grandson, the recipient usually reads it with howls of laughter. There was a time, however, when Augusta Evans's fiction sold in enormous quantities, and she is said to have received a single cheque for £3,000 for one story while it was yet in MS. Even in their day, however, her stories were greatly ridiculed. One of her works, for example, introduces a hero of remarkable learning who used to carry about little Greek volumes in his pockets, which volumes he would produce and read at all sorts of odd and unsuitable moments. A parody of this story—according to the recollections of a novel reader of my acquaintance whose memory stretches back over the half-century—represents the hero as stopping in a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod and producing from his pocket, as a time-killer, an entire set of encyclopædia from A to Z inclusive.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A., M.A., D.D.—The Message of the "Son of Man." 4s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—The Motor Routes of England: Southern Section. 5s. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

DE GROOT, J. MORGAN.—The Affair on the Bridge. 6s.
FORREST, G. W., C.I.E.—Life of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B. With 2 Portraits in Photogravure. 18s. net.
MOMERIE, REV. A. W., D.Sc., LL.D.—Essays on the Bible. 3s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, G. H.—The Silver Spoon. 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR P.—Travels in the Upper Egyptian Deserts. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BREBNER, PERCY.—A Royal Ward. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Benita. Cheap Edition. 6d.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—Sir Gregory's Silence. 6s.
SHAW, CAPT. FRANK H.—A Daughter of the Storm. 6s.
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.
Cassell's Magazine, Half-Yearly Vol. 5s.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

CRAWFURD, THE LATE OSWALD.—The League of the White Hand. 6s.
HARRIS-BURLAND, J. B.—The House of the Soul. 6s.

The Clarendon Press.

ANSON, SIR W. R.—Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. I. Parliament. Fourth Edition.
MACAULIFFE, M. A.—The Sikh Religion: its Gurus, Sacred Writings, and Authors. 6 vols. £3 3s. net.
SMITH, V. A.—Asoka. New Edition. (Rulers of India.) 2s. 6d.
WOLLASTON, G. H.—The Englishman in Italy: being a Collection of Verses written by some of those who have loved Italy.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." 2s.
STANWELL, H. B., M.A.—Cæsar's "Civil War." Book III. Text, Introduction, and Notes, 2s. 6d.; Vocabulary, 1s.; Translation, 1s. 6d.; Three Parts in One Volume, 4s. 6d.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

COOPER, C. S., and W. P. WESTELL.—Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles. Parts V. and VI. Complete in 16 Parts at 1s. net each.
CROWE, J. A., and G. B. CAVALCASELLE.—A New History of Painting in Italy. Edited and supplemented with Notes by Edward Hutton. Vol. II. Complete in 3 vols at £3 net.
HENDERSON, REV. HENRY F., M.A.—Calvin in his Letters. 1s. 6d. net.
PERCEVAL, R. J. S.—London's Forest.
WESTELL, W. P., and H. E. TURNER.—The Pond I Know. The Meadow I Know. (Dent's "Open Air" Nature Books.) 8d. each.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

BARNES, EARL.—Where Knowledge Fails. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.—The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.
FORSSLUND, LOUISE.—Old Lady No. 31. 3s. 6d.
GRIGGS, EDWARD HOWARD.—The Use of the Margin. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH.—Things Worth While. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
HOWE, MAUD.—Sun and Shadow in Spain. 12s. 6d. net.
HYDE, WM. DE WITT.—Self-Measurement. (Art of Life Series.) 1s. net.
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—Penelope's Scottish Experiences. Penelope's English Experiences. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net each.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Poems of Sentiment. Cloth, 1s. net; lambskin, 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

DASENT, SIR GEORGE W.—Gisli the Outlaw. Illustrated. 1s. net.
HAIGHT, MARGARET.—Adventures of Deerslayer. Abridged from Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated. 1s. net.
McSPADDEN, J. W.—Tales from Chaucer. Illustrated. 1s. net.
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT.—Fables and Nursery Tales. Illustrated. 1s. net.
WILMOT-BUXTON, E. M.—Tales from the Eddas. Illustrated. 1s. net.
WILMOT-BUXTON, E. M.—Tales of Early England. Illustrated. 1s. net.
The above are the second six volumes (7–12) of a new Series, "All Time Tales." Each volume has a coloured frontispiece.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

FINN, FRANK.—Wild Beasts of the World. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net.
HENDERSON, J. A., and A. H. BLAIKIE.—Nests and Eggs. (Shown to the Children Series.) 2s. 6d. net.
SPOONER, PROF. H.—Motors and Motoring. New Edition. 2s. net.
SUTHERLAND, WILLIAM.—The Call of the Land. 6d. net.
WOOD, THEODORE, and J. H. KELMAN.—Butterflies and Moths. (Shown to the Children Series.) 2s. 6d. net each.
WRIGHT, H. J. and W. P.—Beautiful Flowers. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net.
Stories by Cervantes. Stories by the Essayists. (The World's Story-Tellers Series.) 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net each.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

BAIN, R. NISBET.—The Last King of Poland and his Contemporaries. 10s. 6d. net.
CLINCH, GEO., F.G.S.—English Costume. 7s. 6d. net.
DILLON, EDWARD.—Rubens. With Frontispiece and about 560 Illustrations. 25s. net.
GREEN, MRS. EVERETT.—Elizabeth of Bohemia. 10s. 6d. net.
PATTERSON, J. E.—Watchers by the Shore. 6s.
SWAYNE, MARTIN L.—The Bishop and the Lady. 6s.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Rose of Savoy. 15s. net.

Mr. John Murray.

DORCHESTER, LADY (Editor).—Recollections of a Long Life, by John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton).
HALL, A. D.—Fertilisers and Manures.
HAMMOND, ERIC.—The Splendour of God. (Wisdom of the East Series.)
HARKER, MRS. L. ALLEN.—A Romance of the Nursery. 6s.
HENDERSON, R. W. WRIGHT.—John Goodchild.
SEMENOFF, COMMANDER VLADIMIR.—"Rasplata" (The Reckoning).
SITWELL, SIR GEORGE.—On the Making of Gardens.
WARRE, REV. EDMOND, D.D., C.B. (Editor).—Letters from the Peninsula, by Lieut.-General Sir William Warre.
WATSON, COLONEL SIR C. M., K.C.M.G.—The Life of Major-General Sir Charles Wilson.
WEATHERS, JOHN.—The French System of Intensive Cultivation.

Mr. John Ouseley.

COOPER, MARGARET.—Myself and My Piano. 1s. net.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

ANDERSON, A. J.—Fra Filippo Lippi. 10s. 6d. net.
BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN.—The Gay Paradines. 6s.
BRENDA.—The Secret Terror. 6s.
COLMORE, G.—Priests of Progress. 1s. net.
DODSWORTH, FRANCIS.—Thoroughbred. 1s. net.
GRANT, ROBERT.—The Chippendales. 6s.
JAMES, ADA AND DUDLEY.—Stolen Honey. 6s.
KENNARD, MRS. EDWARD.—A Professional Rider. 1s. net.
UPTON, FRED.—Woman in Music. 3s. 6d. net.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Ten-Pound Penalty. 1s. net.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

DOUGLAS, SIR ARTHUR P., BART.—The Dominion of New Zealand. With 16 full-page plate Illustrations, Maps, etc. (All Red Series.) 7s. 6d. net.
VASSE, GUILLAUME.—Three Years' Sport in Mozambique. Translated from the French by R. and H. M. Lydekker. With 80 full-page plate Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.
WATSON, FOSTER, M.A.—The Beginnings in the Teaching of Modern Subjects in England. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

BURGE, C. O., Mem. Inst. C.E.—Adventures of a Civil Engineer. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
MACK, LOUISE.—The Red Rose of a Summer. 6s.

Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

BARON, HAROLD, B.Sc.—Chemical Industry on the Continent. 1s. 6d. net.
BIRCHLEY, SUMNER W.—British Birds for Cages, Aviaries, and Exhibition. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. net each.
CHAPMAN, S. J., M.A., M. Com., and H. M. HALLSWORTH, B.Sc.—Unemployment in Lancashire. Paper, 2s. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
HERMAN, OTTO, and J. A. OWEN.—Birds Useful and Harmful. 6s. net. Illustrated.
PARTINGTON, S. W.—The Danes in Lancashire. 5s. net.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

BARKER, GRANVILLE.—Three Plays: The Marrying of Ann Leete, The Voysey Inheritance, Waste. In one volume, 5s. net. Separate plays cloth, 2s. net; wrappers, 1s. 6d. net.
CHATTERTON, E. KEBLE.—Sailing Ships and their Story from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. With a Coloured Frontispiece and over 100 Illustrations from Photographs, Models, etc. 16s. net.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co.

Langham Booklets. 16 new titles. Bound in velvet calf, yapp edges. Vol. 14. Considerations from Confucius. 15. The Lover's Garland. 16. Songs: Tennyson. 17. Songs: Browning. 18. Character. Emerson. 19. In Memoriam, Tennyson. 20. Longfellow (Selections). 21. Dickens (Selections). 22. Sonnets, Keats. 23. Sayings of Carlyle. 24. On Gardens, Bacon and Cowley. 25. Songs from the "Hesperides." 26. The Cricket on the Hearth. 27. Poems: D. G. Rossetti. 28. Poems of Passion, E. W. Wilcox. 29. The Ancient Mariner. 1s. net each.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

BERG, E. P.—Our Lord's Preparation for the Messiahship. Probably 5s. net.
FORD, MARGARET E.—Garden Songs, and other Poems. 1s. 6d. net.
MILES, CECIL S.—Wild Oats, and other Poems. 6d. net.
STOCKWELL, ARTHUR H.—The Baptist Churches of Surrey. Fully Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
WOLFENDEN, REV. DR.—The Triumph of Right, and other Sermons. 1s. net.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

COOPER, REV. A. N. ("The Walking Parson").—A Tramp's Schooling. 3s. 6d. net.
ENOCK, C. REGINALD.—Mexico. 10s. 6d. net.
FRANCIS, J. C.—Notes by the Way. 10s. 6d. net.
JUSSERAND, J. J.—A Literary History of the English People. Vol. III. 12s. 6d. net.
KRÜGER, PROF.—The Papacy. 5s. net.
MARSDEN, O. S.—Peace, Power, and Plenty. 4s. 6d. net.
PURVIS, REV. J. B—Through Uganda to Mount Elgon. 6s.
SAIX, TYLER DE.—The Vulture's Prey. 6s.
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.—The Pools of Silence. 6s.
STUTFIELD, HUGH E. M.—The Sovranty of Society. 5s. net.
WILSON, A. J.—An Empire in Pawn. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

FORMAN, J. M.—The Soul of Gold. 1s.
HUME, FERGUS.—The Solitary Farm. 6s.
LYNCH, L. L.—Man and Master. 6s.
MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM.—The Powers of Mischief. 6s.
MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM.—The Pitfall. 6d.
SMART, HAWLEY.—A Member of Tattersall's. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—Netta. 6s.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Garden o' Dreams. 6d.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

BEVAN, REV. J. O.—The Genesis and Evolution of the Individual Soul. 2s. 6d. net.
PFLEIDERER, DR. OTTO.—Primitive Christianity. Vol. II. Historical Books. (Theological Translation Library.) 10s. 6d. net.
WOODS, C. E.—The Gospel of Rightness. A Study in Pauline Philosophy. 5s. net.

THE READER.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

By Professor George Saintsbury.

IF there is anything (I do not think there *is*) for which I would give up the privilege of having read "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Poems and Ballads" when they came out, it would be the opportunity of beginning their author's poems at the recent end and reading them backwards, without knowledge of what was to come. What would be the result must of course be guess-work. The vulgar opinion—I do not use the word "vulgar" offensively—no doubt would augur some disappointment at first, removed more and more decidedly as one came to the original masterpieces. I am not so sure of this.

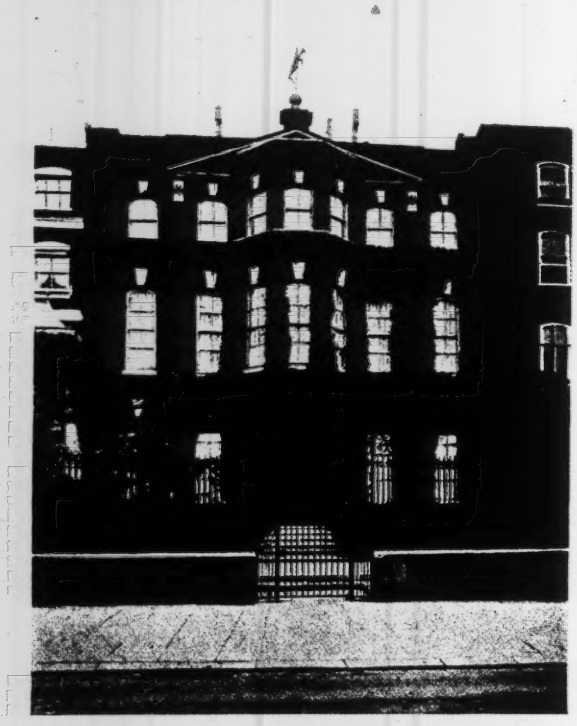
For Mr. Swinburne came to his own pretty early, and he never lost it; and it was his own and nobody else's, though he had of course inherited much of it. If it did not show decisively and triumphantly in "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," that was because these attempts were made in a division which was not their author's, and with little or no excursion into his great province of lyric. "Atalanta in Calydon" did not so much change this as supplement, enlarge, improve it immensely. The famous chorus of the "making of man" is no mere purple patch on the garment—it is only the central device and crowning craftsman's-piece of a coherent and artistically designed web of verse. "Chastelard" followed, with blank verse less deliberately archaised either in early Renaissance or Classical fashion than that of the two preceding volumes and with *short* lyrics—real songs—in it. And then came "Poems and Ballads."

But let us return to our fancied view-point of reversed approach. One curious thing about Mr. Swinburne is that, intense as his mannerism may appear, it has not coloured subsequent poetry very much. There was of course a period of mere pastiche and mimicry, which was ludicrous enough. But the special quality of Swinburnian verse—like that of much but not all of the greatest—is parodiable but not assimilable. And it is very questionable whether this special quality, brought into contact with a sensitive nature which had not as yet experienced it, would not produce nearly as much effect if got from "The Duke of Gandia" as from "Chastelard," from any of the late lyrics at their best as from the "Atalanta" choruses and the constituents of "Poems and Ballads" throughout. Now what *is* this special quality?

It is allowed on all hands to be closely connected with metrical mastery—and some seem (mistakenly) to think this mastery a quite new thing, while others appear (as mistakenly) to consider that the appellation "metre-master" settles and exhausts the matter. It can be easily shown that Mr. Swinburne only developed, to the utmost limit yet reached, franchises and potentialities which had been sometimes in abeyance, but always in existence, for centuries past in English prosody: and the veriest highflier as to the Divine right of metre must acknowledge, as I do, that it will scarcely account for the whole of his charm.

The fact is that there is hardly any poet, in any language, whose power of treating any subject *poeticamente*, "in a poetical way" (to use the two epoch-making phrases of Patrizzi in the sixteenth century and Hazlitt in the nineteenth), is more instantly and unmistakably obvious than Mr. Swinburne's. One is driven, not in the least Pharisaically, but as a result of much not cheerful observation, to surmise that the complementary faculty of recognising this power is not itself universally possessed by mankind. They must "take an interest in the thing represented before they can take pleasure in the representation," or they must be more or less elaborately brought to take pleasure in it by this or that other means. Now Mr. Swinburne was not eminently successful in teaching people how to love him, or in attracting them by baits of subject; so that it is truly said that he was never a popular poet. I think it would be found not uncommonly—I know it would be found

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **An Early Portrait of Swinburne.**



Tudor House, No. 16, Cheyne Walk.

Where Mr. Swinburne lived for some time with D. G. Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti, and George Meredith.

in some cases—that the most enthusiastic admirers of his poetry were the most uncompromising disagreers with most of his non-literary, and some of his literary opinions. But to those who could feel "the poetical way," his "way with them" was, from the first, absolutely irresistible; and it remained so, more or less, till the last. It was certainly at its most irresistible in 1878, with the second "Poems and Ballads," when the poet was past that "Age of Wisdom" which has not infrequently proved itself the limit of a poet's summer; nor did it ever really wane.

This "way" consisted in throwing, over whatever subject the poet treated, an atmosphere of poetic glamour—a word for which, much as it has been abused, there is no synonym and no substitute. The subject does not exactly disappear; but it ceases to be more than a sort of accompaniment to the treatment. Even then, and when the accompaniment itself is most prominent, it is *universalised* to an extent which might delight the most Aristotelian of critics if he would take it in the right way. I read the other day that somebody was "the *heroine* of 'Dolores'" (the good man probably meant "At a Month's End," but it does not matter much). "The *heroine* of 'Dolores'"! The heroine of "Dolores," it need hardly be said, is every woman of the enchantress-kind from Lilith to whatsoever name or person the reader pleases in the twentieth century—and she is none of them. So everywhere. Individuality, character, the untranslatable *dianoia*—these things should not be looked for, or at any rate looked for first, in Mr. Swinburne. He got nearest to character in "Chastelard"; less near in "Bothwell"; he was farther off still in "Tristram." His personages, as personages, might almost be those of the Period of Allegory: and if you cannot be happy without personal company, if you want what you are pleased to call "ideas" to supply your own deficiency in them; if you must have the opinion you agree with, the discussion which you think "does you good," local habitations as well as names for your places, specified circumstances of action, machinery, what not—then Mr. Swinburne's poetry is not the poetry for you.

But if you want *poetry*, no matter on what subject, if you can bring the true *silex scintillans* of heart and brain, to have the sparks struck out of it by the true steel of the poet's art, then it *is* what you want, and the sparks will become continuous and grow into a cataract of fire. There may be bad judgment, bad taste, bad several other things in this poet's work, but there is never bad poetry, though at some times it may be better than at others. Such slight things (I suppose some people would call them so) as "Stage Love" in the first "Poems and Ballads" or as "Pastiche" in the second are crucial examples. Both are short; there is nothing ostentatiously novel in either, and in fact there is an almost ostentatious disclaimer of novelty in the very title of the second. But both have that very and peculiar atmosphere of poetry which has been referred to—the *aura* of inspiration in the writer and intoxication in the reader—the gathering magic of colour and sound, of metre and phrase, of expression and suggestion. It is impossible, with any critical justification, to dismiss the imagery as separable ornament, to characterise the versification as merely a very pleasant tune to which

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Swinburne.**

An early photograph.

nothing particular is set, even (as is commonly done) to stigmatise the voluminous diction as mere verbosity. All these things are indissolubly and naturally connected: they form the *body* of the poetry itself. And once more, it is a question whether that body faded or decayed, whether it lost its beauty of form and colour much, from its first full growth to its closing scene.

But Mr. Swinburne's poetry had another attraction less genuinely poetical, not more popular, but very seductive to some tastes. He was notoriously one of the most scholarly poets of a literature which can boast of Milton and Gray, of Coleridge and Landor: and his knowledge of English poetry was unique, or only matched, with time-allowance, by Southey's. It was scarcely possible to catch him in ignorance of a noteworthy poet, not easy to catch him in ignorance of a noteworthy passage, from the Elizabethan period onwards: and though even the half-absurd and half-ignoble plagiarism-finders could hardly have accused him in their way of business, his marvellous metrical proficiency was undoubtedly due in part to his knowledge; and the whole of his work was saturated, so to speak, with its own ancestry. It was never obtrusively learned: but it had a quality which is vaguely troublesome to those who have no learning. It smelt not of the lamp but of "honey and the sea," like its own laurustinus. Yet the honey was the honey of Hybla: and the sea had washed the shores, and had caught and returned the melodies, of England and of France, of Provence and of Italy.

From the portrait by G. F. Watts. By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Swinburne.

In such a poet the critical impulse which the foolisher sort have thought so alien from poetry, and the wiser have recognised as almost inseparable from it, but not always consciously developed, could not but seek expression. Now Mr. Swinburne's prose was not wholly criticism; but it was almost wholly this. No one, himself speaking critically, could say that as a whole this prose is equal to the verse. It has, *as* prose, many admirable passages: the "William Blake" especially contains dozens of them. It includes, as appreciation, some of the finest and justest estimates of English literature of which that literature itself can boast. But prose is not like poetry, a steed whose wings its heavy rider *cannot* keep down. You may fear God and honour the King without missing anything of the beauty of the "Hymn to Proserpine" and the "Song in Time of Revolution." Mr. Swinburne's longest verse lines are not too long to be lovely, but some of his prose sentences are; his fiercest flings in verse are not offensive, but some of those in prose are certainly ungainly. The subject recovers its supremacy and abuses it. In particular, it is unfortunately true that as an unfavourable critic he was, with the rarest exceptions, almost negligible. His praise was frequently excessive; but his blame was almost always haphazard. Yet I do not know any writer who more imperatively demands *excerption* in this respect. From the volumes of his prose, beginning with the "Blake," a selection of "views and reviews" could be made which would be inferior to hardly anything else of the kind that could possibly be constructed, for beauty of mere writing, for illuminativeness of criticism, and for the exhibition of that heart-felt delight in great work which is itself so delightful—and which unluckily is by no means too common in criticism of poetry by poets. Of poetical jealousy I do not remember the very slightest exhibition on his part—a thing almost as unusual and quite as worthy of remark

as the drinking of five pints of port per man at Mr. John Thorpe's last wine-party.

But if the prose—to retain, or indeed to obtain, any wide reading—demands the sieve, there are some people at any rate who would refuse to apply that implement to the poetry—who indeed are freer from doubt on this subject than they were years ago. For the Swinburnian verse-quality is everywhere in the Swinburnian verse, and that quality is, as has been said, the quality of pure poetry. Miss anything, and you miss something of the quantity of that quality; miss many things, and you will lose in each something of the phases of the quality itself. You cannot evolve the humming-bird lightness and flash of "Rococo" or "Anima Anceps" from the tumultuous rush of the "Proserpine" Hymn or the "Song in Time of Revolution"; you cannot divine either of these from the melancholy gliding pageant of the "Triumph of Time" or the stately sadness of "Ilicet." "Between the Sundown and the Sea" gives no specimen of "In the Bay" or "Evening on the Broads." It is the glory of this kind of poetry that it never "speaks by its foreman," that you can never, as you can in some other kinds even of very great verse, judge of what will be by what has been. Every line must be read; for every fresh line, even if it have connection of word or image with another passage, has its chance of beginning or completing for the reader the new caress of

"With stars and seawinds in her raiment
Night sinks on the sea,"

the new shudder of

"Until God loosen over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night."

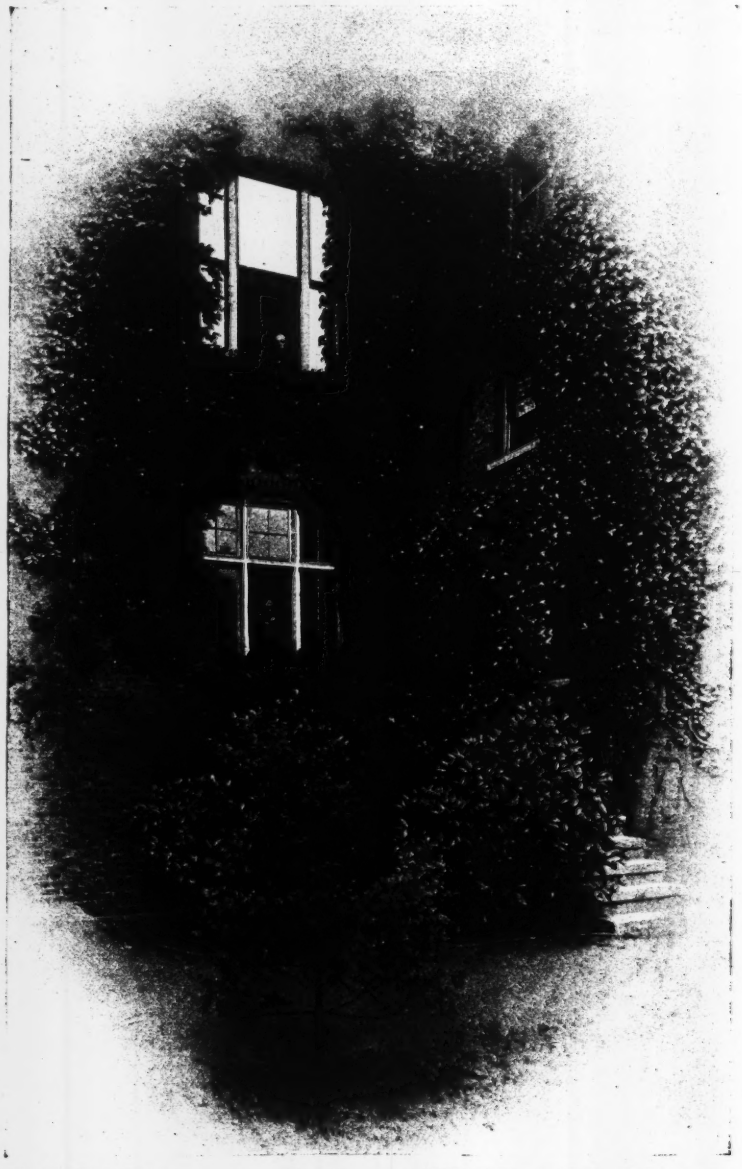


Photo by Poole, Putney.

Summer at "The Pines," Swinburne's home at Putney.

Mr. Swinburne may be seen at the upper window, Mr. Watts-Dunton at the lower one.

SWINBURNE AND HIS CIRCLE.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

SWINBURNE, for most men, was a mysterious figure. Very little has been written about him, and of that little a great deal is false. During his long life he made many friends and some enemies, but his friends respected his desire for privacy, and the testimony of his enemies is untrustworthy. It is for the present necessary to take everything that has been printed about him with a grain of salt. The origin of the most fantastic fables can be traced to Guy de Maupassant. Swinburne went over to Paris in 1882 with Theodore Watts to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of "Le Roi s'Amuse." On November 20, Victor Hugo gave a dinner in honour of the English visitors, and he made a speech referring to Swinburne. At the performance in the Théâtre Français almost every French poet and man of letters was present, and Swinburne was seen at the end of the third act talking to Hugo in his box. The French papers were full of absurd gossip about Swinburne, and the following repudiation appeared in the *Athenæum* on December 2:

"The *Figaro* has been amusing the public by publishing the wildest *canards* concerning Mr. Swinburne and his eccentricities during his supposed residence at Étretat. The truth is that Mr. Swinburne's connection with Étretat was confined to two short visits to a friend some years ago, during which times he saw only the fishermen and the sailors. The anecdotes given in the *Figaro* are without the slightest foundation."

This statement is important, for it disposes once and for all of Guy de Maupassant's grotesque inventions. Swinburne in conversation stigmatised de Maupassant as "the Prince of Liars." Other legends can be traced to French sources. Indeed, Swinburne was so wildly caricatured by the French Press that he refused to see French journalists.

His early friendships were formed after he went to Balliol in 1856. There he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were Professor John Nichol, T. H. Green, A. V. Dicey, G. Birkbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke. John Nichol founded a literary coterie called the "Old Mortality." He edited a publication called "Undergraduate Papers" (1857–8). There were three numbers, the second number being divided into four parts, each of which was marked "Price Fourpence." The contributors were paid "at the usual rate." Nichol said that "the publication was to our set what 'The Germ' was to Rossetti's." It is now scarcer than "The Germ." A complete specimen was sold some time ago for £100. Swinburne contributed three articles and one poem, "Queen Iseult," which he afterwards referred to as "awful doggerel," adding: "When I think of the marvellous work that Rossetti (whose acquaintance I made just afterwards) had done at the same age, I am abashed at the recollection of my own rubbish." The "marvellous work" in question was "The Blessed Damozel," which appeared in "The Germ." Rossetti was then twenty-two; Swinburne, when he was contributing to "Undergraduate Papers," was nearly twenty-one. He was twenty-eight

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Swinburne.

From an early portrait by Rossetti.

Photo by Poole, Putney. **A Corner in "The Pines," showing the painted and carved cabinet.**

when he published "Atalanta in Calydon." The gulf between "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" (1860) and "Atalanta" (1865) is significant. The explanation of it is found in Swinburne's statement to Jowett that he had made a bonfire of his verses. "Some day," replied Jowett, "you'll make another." The bonfire accounts for the sudden splendour of "Atalanta." After "Atalanta" Swinburne probably made no more bonfires. He published as he wrote.

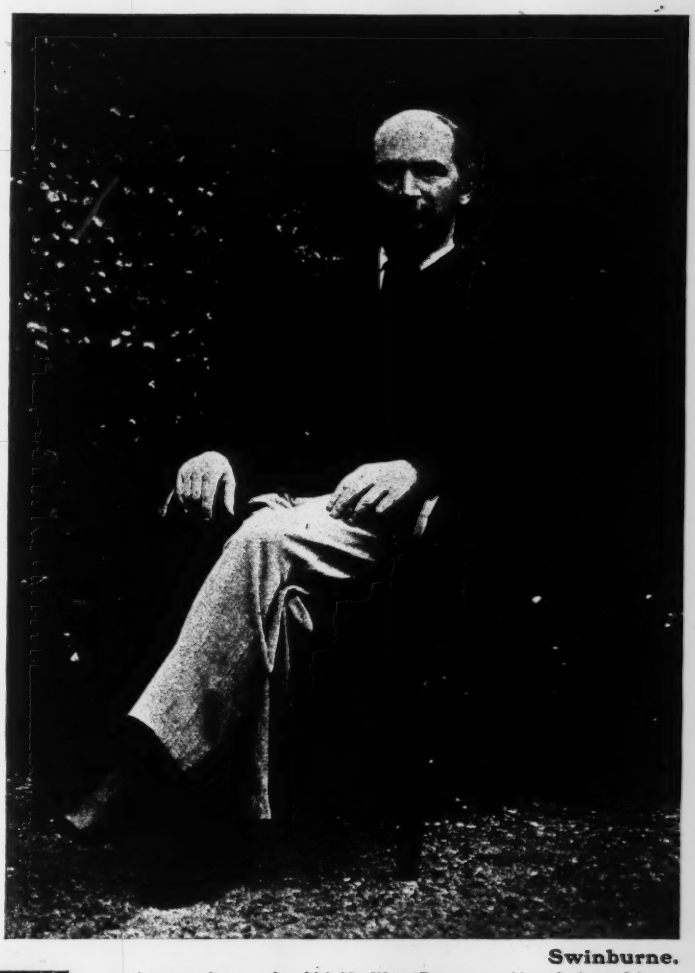
When Swinburne went to Balliol, he was orthodox. In a sermon delivered on the Sunday after Swinburne's funeral, in Bonchurch parish church, the Rector, the Rev. J. F. Andrewes, quoted "the authoritative statement of a clergyman that Swinburne was a reverent communicant when staying in a village where that clergyman was curate some few years since." This "authoritative statement" is explicable only by interpreting the phrase "some few years" as meaning

Photo by Poole, Putney. **The Chinese Divan at "The Pines," described in "Aylwin."**

"some fifty years since," that is to say, when Swinburne was at Oxford. At that time he was undoubtedly a "reverent communicant," but not subsequently. Nichol was a rationalist, and to his influence the change in Swinburne's opinions was unquestionably due. He paid a tribute to John Nichol and to George Rankine Luke in two sonnets dated May 1881:

Friend of the dead, and friend of all my days
Even since they cast off boyhood, I salute
The song saluting friends whose songs are mute
With full burnt-offerings of clear-spirited praise.
That since our old young years our several ways
Have led through fields diverse of flower and fruit,
Yet no cross wind has once relaxed the root
We set long since beneath the sundawn's rays,
The root of trust whence towered the trusty tree,
Friendship—this only and duly might impel
My song to salutation of your own;
More even than praise of one unseen of me
And loved—the starry spirit of Dobell,
To mine by light and music only known.

But more than this what moves me most of all
To leave not all unworded and unsped
The whole heart's greeting of my thanks unsaid
Scarce needs this sign, that from my tongue should fall
His name whom sorrow and reverent love recall,
The sign to friends on earth of that dear head
Alive, which now long since untimely dead
The wan grey waters covered for a pall.
Their trustless reaches dense with tangling stems
Took never life more taintless of rebuke,



Swinburne.

A recent photograph, which Mr. Watts-Dunton considers the best of the later portraits of the poet.

More pure and perfect, more serene and kind,
Than when those clear eyes closed beneath the Thames,
And made the now more hallowed name of Luke
Memorial to us of morning left behind.

Nichol described Luke as "our chief of men." The second sonnet contains a touching allusion to the fact that Luke was drowned while swimming in the Isis, and it may be compared with "Lycidas," the monody in which Milton bewailed Edward King, a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge, who was drowned "in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas." Other contemporaries of Swinburne at Oxford were Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach) and the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. At Balliol the poet came under the spell of Jowett, his friendship with whom was lifelong, and whom he visited at Boar's Hill in company with Mr. Watts-Dunton, who has commemorated the triple friendship in his sonnets entitled "The Last Walk from Boar's Hill":

Can he be dead? We walk through flowery ways
From Boar's Hill down to Oxford, fain to know
What nugget-gold, in drift of Time's long flow,
The Bodleian mine hath stored from richer days;
He, fresh as on that morn, with sparkling gaze,
Hair bright as sunshine, white as moonlit snow,
Still talks of Plato while the scene below
Breaks gleaming through the veil of sunlit haze.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Swinburne.

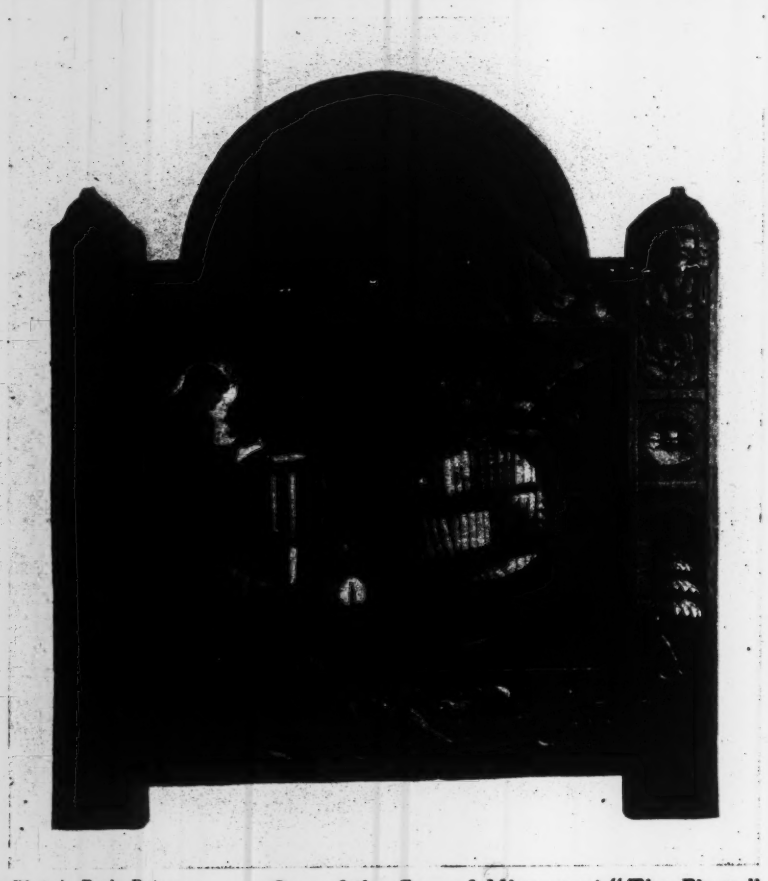


Photo by Poole, Putney. **One of the Carved Mirrors at "The Pines."**

Decorated with Dunn's copy of the lost Rossetti frescoes at the Oxford Union.

It was at Oxford that Swinburne met Rossetti, who had gone down there with Woodward, the architect of the buildings for the Union Club. It was suggested, I think by William Morris, that the walls of the debating-room should be covered with a series of frescoes illustrating scenes from the "Morte d'Arthur," and that Rossetti, who was not an Oxford man, should come down to take a leading part in the work. Burne Jones and William Morris co-operated with him. The work began at the end of 1857. Rossetti and Burne Jones were at work on the paintings when Swinburne walked into the room and was introduced by a friend to both artists. He also then made the acquaintance of William Morris and Val Prinsep. Thus, by a happy accident, the youthful Swinburne formed permanent friendships with the leaders of the great romantic revival afterwards known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." There is no doubt that this was the decisive point in his career. The youth of twenty owed the beginnings of his intellectual liberation to Nichol and the dawn of his romantic enthusiasm to Rossetti, Morris, and Burne Jones. He left Oxford in 1860 without taking a degree, but the four years he spent there profoundly affected his mental growth. As he himself wittily said, Oxford has "turned out poets in more senses than one."

After leaving Oxford he lived in chambers in London upon a small allowance from his father, who tried in vain to keep him out of London life. Swinburne afterwards went to live with Rossetti at No. 16, Cheyne Walk. Joint occupants with them were Mr. George Meredith and Mr. William M. Rossetti. Probably no roof ever sheltered three more wonderful beings than Rossetti, Swinburne, and Meredith. It is not surprising that the arrangement did not last. Mr. Meredith was the first to go, and soon afterwards Swinburne left. In 1864 the poet spent five weeks with his father and mother in Italy. He had been a passionate Landorian since he had read Landor's poems when "a small fellow of twelve at Eton." Landor was then living in Florence, and Swinburne in a letter to Lord Houghton describes how "with much labour I hunted out the most ancient of the demi-gods," and how Landor told him that "his presence had made him happy." He says he found Landor "alert, brilliant, and altogether delicious." The young hero-worshipper was only just in time to see his idol, for Landor died in the following year before the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," which was dedicated to him in Greek lines which the poet retained because they had been laid before Landor ere he died. There is no doubt that Landor inspired "Atalanta" and "Erechtheus," but Swinburne in those days was seething with enthusiasms. The influence of Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Gautier can be traced in "Poems and Ballads" as well as the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. Probably no great poet has ever been so responsive, so ready to catch fire from other visionaries. Throughout his poetry the contagion of his fellow-poets sweeps like a prairie fire. But he never borrowed and never aped. His famous letter to the *Spectator*, in praise of Mr. Meredith's "Modern Love," appeared in 1862, and in the same year he contributed to the same journal an article on Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal." Then came the more tempestuous Bohemian period of Swinburne's life. Eventually he came into contact with Mr. Watts-Dunton and became very intimate with him, so much so, indeed, that for about six years the two friends, living in neighbouring chambers, used to lunch and dine together nearly every day of their lives at such old-fashioned restaurants as the Rainbow, the London (at the top of Chancery Lane), at the Cock, or at Simpson's. Prominent among his friends now were Sir Richard Burton and Lord Houghton. Another friend was Joseph Knight. During this period Swinburne lived in rooms at No. 3, Great James Street.

The best picture of the literary life of the time is that painted by Mr. Watts-Dunton. I have given it in my

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Drawn by himself.

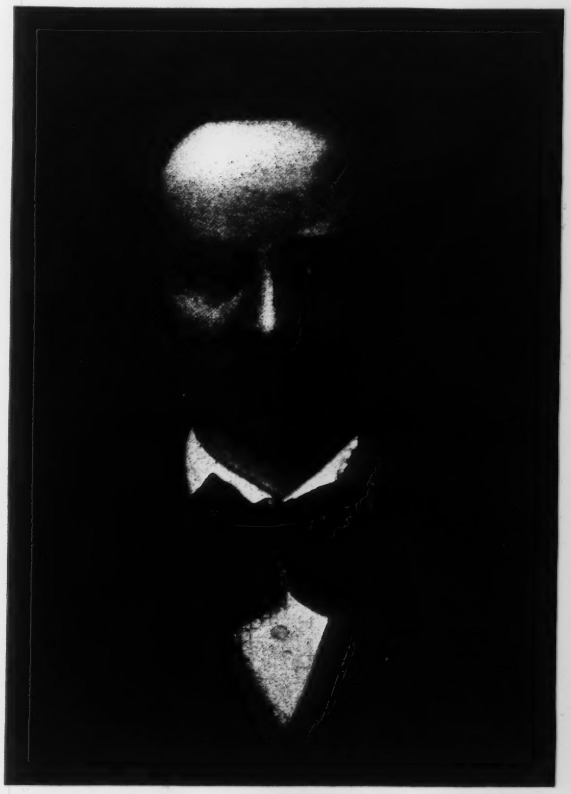


Photo by Poole, Putney. **Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.**
From a painting by Miss Norris.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones.
From a water-colour by A. Legros (Ionides Collection, South Kensington Museum).

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **William Morris.**

FOUR OF SWINBURNE'S CIRCLE.

book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Critic, Novelist," and I may quote it here:

"Many of those who have reached life's meridian, or passed it, will remember the sudden rise, a quarter of a century ago, of Rossetti, Swinburne, and William Morris—poets who seemed for a time to threaten the ascendancy of Tennyson himself. Between this galaxy and the latest generation of poets there rose, culminated, and apparently set, another—the group which it was the foolish fashion to call 'the Pre-Raphaelite poets,' some of whom yielded, or professed to yield, to the influence of Rossetti, some to that of William Morris, and some to that of Swinburne. Round them all, however, there was the aura of Baudelaire or else of Gautier. These—though, as in all such cases, nature had really made them very unlike each other—formed themselves into a set, or rather a sect, and tried apparently to become as much like each other as possible, by studying French models, selecting subjects more or less in harmony with the French temper, getting up their books after the fashion that was as much approved then as contemporary fashions in books are approved now, and by various other means. They had certain places of meeting, where they held high converse with themselves. One of these was the hospitable house, in Fitzroy Square, of the beloved and venerable painter, Mr. Madox Brown, whose face, as he sat smiling upon his Eisteddfod, radiating benevolence and encouragement to the unfledged bards he loved, was a picture which must be cherished in many a grateful memory now. Another was the equally hospitable house, in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm, where reigned the dramatist, Westland Marston, and where his blind poet-boy Philip lived. Here O'Shaughnessy would come with a glow of triumph on his face, which indicated clearly enough that he was carrying in his pocket something connecting him with the divine Théophile—a letter from the Gallic Olympus perhaps, or a presentation copy sent from the very top of the Gallic Parnassus. It was on one of these occasions that Rossetti satirically advised one of the cenacle to quit so poor a language as that of Shakespeare and write entirely in French, which language Morris immediately defined as 'nosey Latin.' It is a pity that some literary veteran does not give his reminiscences of those Marston nights, or rather Marston mornings, for the symposium began at about twelve and went on till nearly six—those famous gatherings of poets, actors, and painters, enlinking the days of Macready, Phelps, Miss Glyn, Robert Browning, Dante Rossetti, and R. H. Horne with the days of poets, actors, and painters like Mr. Swinburne, Morris, and Mr. Irving."

Photo by Poole, Putney.

"The Pines."

From a drawing by Mr. Herbert Railton.

The friendship between Mr. Watts-Dunton and Swinburne began in 1872, but it was not until 1879 that Swinburne left Bohemia for ever, and entered upon the happiest and most fruitful period of his life by becoming a housemate at "The Pines," Putney Hill, with Mr. Watts-Dunton. The two friends lived there together until the end. They worked together, saw their common friends together, and travelled together. It is a mistake to imagine that Swinburne during the thirty years he spent at "The Pines" was a recluse. Nearly every living man of letters found his way thither from time to time. After the death of Rossetti in 1882, the two poets went to Guernsey and Sark. The visit is commemorated in their poetry. While they were staying in Sark, their prowess as swimmers provoked a bravado challenge from Richard Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion," the "Farthing Epic." Horne was also a famous swimmer, and he challenged Swinburne and Theodore Watts to swim with him round Sark! The challenge, I need hardly say, was not accepted. In this connection, I may mention that Swinburne on one occasion narrowly escaped from death by drowning, while swimming at Étretat. He was carried away by the tide and was picked up by some fishermen. The two friends spent two consecutive summer holidays at Sidestrand, near Cromer. There Swinburne met Grant Allen. Since then they stayed at Eastbourne, where they

Photo by Poole, Putney. **Summer at "The Pines."**

had as neighbours Lord and Lady Mount-Temple. They also went to Lancing for three years running. They spent several summer holidays with Lady Mary Gordon, Swinburne's aunt, at "The Orchard," Niton Bay, in the Isle of Wight. Among their many visitors at "The Pines" was Mr. Thomas Hardy. But for the wonderful story of Swinburne's golden summer and mellow autumn with his friend of friends, we must wait until Mr. Watts-Dunton writes his promised biography.

SWINBURNE AND ETON.

BY BLANCHE WARRE CORNISH.

ETON'S personal share in the grief at the death of the great English poet was chiefly connected with the beautiful Ode which Swinburne wrote for the ninth Jubilee of the College. The school had sung it once more, and with ever-increasing appreciation, five days before that sad announcement on Easter Eve. A nobler and more joyous School Song was never written—

"Bright with names that men remember, loud with names that men forget."

The wreath of ilex and laurel that went to rest upon the grave at Bonchurch might well attempt to express Eton's "Grateful homage" and deep sense of one more great "Memory held aloft," as the poet had sung of Eton.

"Still the reaches of the river, still the light on field and hill,
Still the memories held aloft for Hope's young fire to fill,
Shine . . ."

But with the Ode, and with letters which are printed here, the personal after-connection of Swinburne with his public school began and ended. The boy recluse is described as a remarkable swimmer at Eton, as well as in the Bonchurch coves to which he initiated an Eton boy friend, but he is never known to have revisited the bathing places of fame on the river. He passed on to Balliol and became the meteoric world poet of the 'sixties without revisiting Eton. If the Ode, however, could leave any doubt of Swinburne's loyal bond with it, his letters of that date show his kindly intimate memory of the old school ways and ritual:

"THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL, S.W.,
"*March* 10, '91.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Here is my copy of verses—shown up in time, as I understand—and I only hope I shall not be put in the bill for showing up too few. Thirty lines, if I remember, used to be expected weekly in my time, and I only send twenty-seven—the metrical scheme, you will see, would not admit of more, unless I had made the Ode longer than was wanted. I hope some Etonians will appreciate my allusion to the undisputed fact that Eton was the mother of English comedy. I have always thought it a great feather in her cap that Dr. N. Udall, Headmaster in the days of Henry VIII., wrote for the boys to act the very first comedy in the language; and a first-rate little comic poem it is, both in fun and in versification, as I dare say you know quite as well as I.

"Believe me,
"Yours faithfully,
"A. C. SWINBURNE."

"THE PINES, PUTNEY HILL,
"*June* 26, '91.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Your letter has given me great pleasure, and I am none the less grateful for your kind invitation that I am unable to avail myself of it. Dr. Warre, my old 'form-fellow,' asked me down for the 23rd, to stay over the night at his house, but I had to excuse myself. I am sure the Exhibition must be well worth seeing, and it is most kind of Mrs. Cornish and yourself to offer me so pleasant an occasion of enjoying the sight of it.

"I am delighted to hear that my verses found such favour with the boys, or shall I say 'the other fellows'?

"Yours very truly,
"A. C. SWINBURNE."

Before we come to personal reminiscences of the boy Swinburne, one word is necessary on the general question of his happiness in the school. There has been a vague idea afloat in the literary world that Swinburne's boyhood at Eton was obscure, and that his feelings towards his old school were warped by memory of bad treatment as a "lower boy." There was never anything of the sort; and the idea arose from some confused supposition that since Shelley was hunted at Eton, no great poet wilder than Gray,—which Swinburne certainly was,—could be happy in the school. The truth about the boy Swinburne is that he was a small fellow, with a great brow, and nothing else big and strong about him except huge literary tastes for obscure dramatists and Scotch reviewers. But we are coming to his reading in the letter of a contemporary. His hair was a bright auburn, so that, always late for school, he was greeted by Mr. Cookesley once on his late entrance with the words, "Here comes the rising sun." His bright head is remembered at the top of a ladder in the Fellows' Library in the Cloisters as he sat reading. Not many boys—only the resolute antiquaries amongst them—had access there, but Swinburne was often seen in the old library. Thus he was of the studious type of boy who enjoys the "wholesome neglect" which may attend his studies out of school.

As for his having remained obscure, the fact that Algernon Swinburne won the Prince Consort's first prize for French and first prize for Italian at the age of sixteen refutes the notion once and for all. He was "sent up for good" three times, and wrote beautiful Greek elegiacs.

But to come to reminiscences: we may quote the following letter:

"*Thursday, May* 6, 1909.

"MY DEAR CORNISH,—

"... Swinburne entered Eton 1849, I think at Easter, and took Remove. Joynes introduced me to him in September, the day I entered, and we went with H. N. M. for a walk to the Terrace at Windsor. I saw a good deal of him that half and the next, and was then absent for twelve months; after my return we used to walk together regularly, mostly the 'Chalvey round,' until he left, when he was in Cookesley's Division. What truth may have lain at the *bottom* of the story told lately in the *Westminster Gazette*, apparently on Cookesley's authority, of his having borrowed a Massinger and Ford from Cookesley, it is certainly not true that this 'might have been his first introduction to the Elizabethan dramatists,' for his acquaintance with them was wide and deep, as a boy of twelve, in 1849. Our walks were generally continuous discourses on his part, either recounting the story of what he was reading (the 'Scriblerus' papers, the *Edinburgh Review* on the Lakists, the 'Orlando Furioso,' Cyril Tourneur, etc., etc.), or critical discussions.

"One item I will set down, because I think he would have liked me to do so. His love of the sea, and of sea bathing, was a genuine passion. He passed early in 1851, I a few weeks later, and when I visited him at Bonchurch in the holidays we had a jolly bathe in the cove at East Dene,

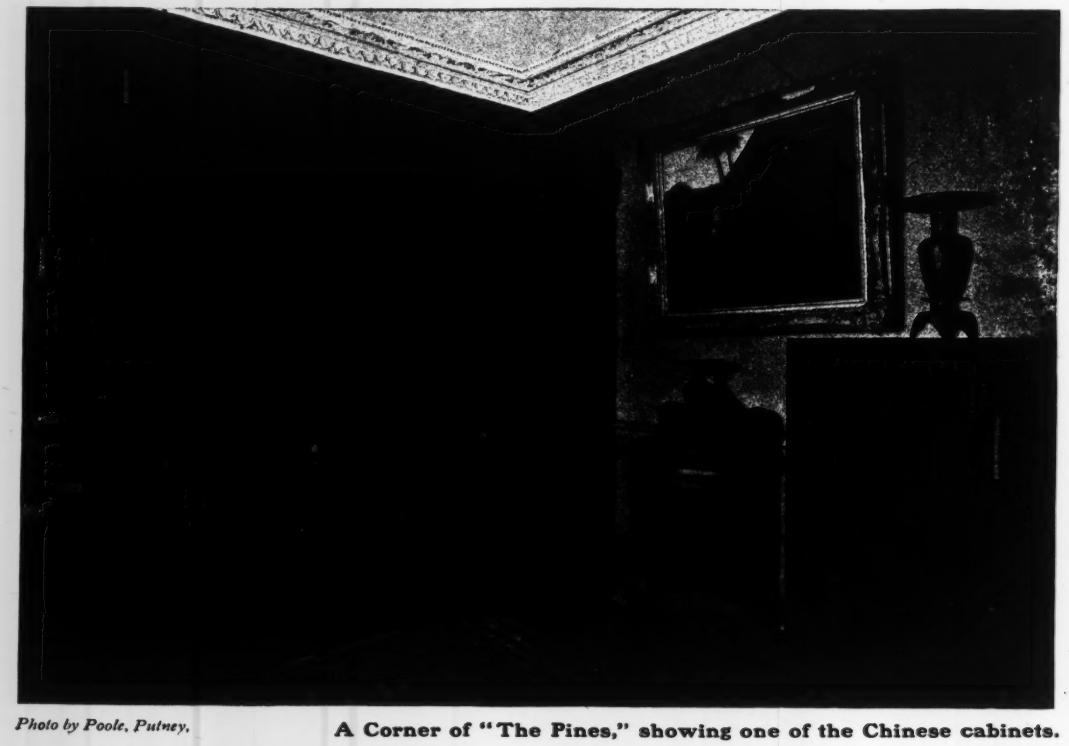


Photo by Poole, Putney. **A Corner of "The Pines," showing one of the Chinese cabinets.**

From a Cosway miniature.

Elizabeth Emilia Burrell, Mrs. Bennet.

Enlarged from a Cosway miniature.

Peter Burrell, 1st Baron Gwydyr.

From an old drawing.

Issabella Burrell, Countess of Beverley.

Mother of Lady Jane Henryetta Ashburnham.

Exactly copied from a miniature by Cosway.

Emilia Elizabeth Bennet, Lady Swinburne.

From an old painting.

Admiral Swinburne.

Father of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From a miniature by Chalon.

Elizabeth Swinburne, Mrs. Bowden.

Sister of Admiral Swinburne.

From a pencil drawing.

Lady Jane Henryetta Ashburnham.

Mother of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From a water-colour portrait.

Edith Swinburne.

Sister of the Poet.

From a daguerreotype.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From a daguerreotype.

Alice Swinburne.

Sister of the poet.

MINIATURES OF THE SWINBURNE FAMILY.

Painted by the Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, and reproduced by her permission.

and he made the gardener push the jumping-stage farther into the surf than I quite liked!

"Yours very truly,
"GEORGE YOUNG."

We see that the poet came to Eton in 1849 at the age of twelve, and that he boarded at the house in Keate's Lane now known as Keate House. It was "Joynes's" then, and Mr. Joynes was Swinburne's tutor. The house-stories are like most such, almost beneath the dignity of history, yet one connected with measles is too unlike most measle-stories to go unrecorded. The mother of the poet was staying in the house in Keate's Lane. Mrs. Swinburne read Shakespeare to her son all day in his measles. And when she left him at tea-time to take tea with Mrs. Joynes, the maid brought from home was requested by the boy to continue reading whilst he took his. A pot of jam suddenly emptied on the reader's head was a sign that this interpretation of Shakespeare did *not* soothe the patient. The other story is connected with the night-dose for wintry colds. This one was brought in to a boy, who stood up on his bed instead of lying on it, and whose wild, rolling eye accompanied a passionate outpouring of verse. The ministering incomer feared delirium, but was told that it was "only little Swinburne reciting as usual."

To return to Swinburne's letter, the "undisputed fact" referred to by him, "that Eton was the mother of English comedy," was known to antiquaries interested in the quarto of the first printed comedy, which belonged to the Fellows' Library.

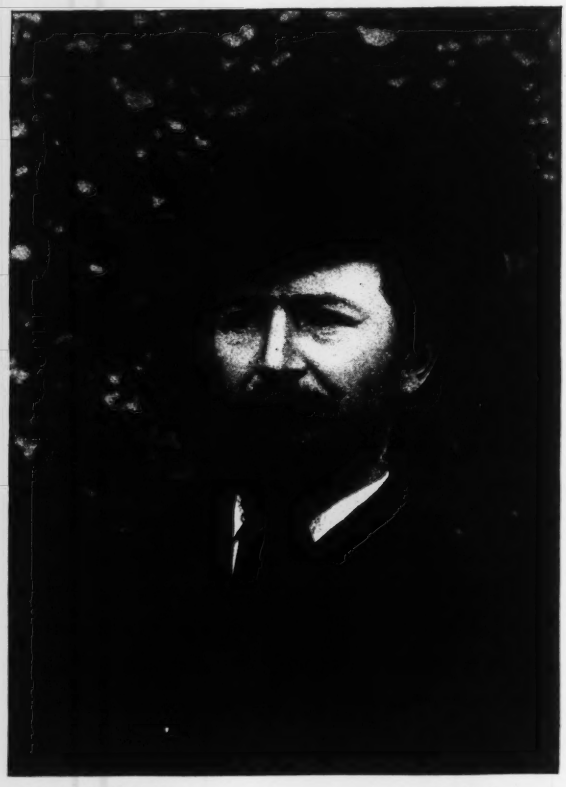


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. C. Swinburne.

"Ralph Roister Doister" was written by an Eton Headmaster of the sixteenth century for his scholars, and acted in College Hall. The old theatricals, the old dead play, were called to life by the living voice of the poet whose Ode echoes the gaiety of the birth of English comedy.

"The light first laugh . . .
Glad and loud as a boy's"

at a comedy in College Hall was to swell to the universal mirth evoked on England's "sunlit stage"—sunlit, as the Ode proclaims, after

"The sunrise of Shakespeare's age."

The poet left Eton in February 1854, before he was quite seventeen. We have not space to describe the excitement over "Atalanta" in 1865-7, when the pupil-room of William Johnson, the author of "Ionica," rang with the lines of the rhythmic choruses. Nor the delight of that great tutor at the thought of Swinburne—unknown in Oxford schools, unboasted of at Eton—sending back poetry, breathing the very spirit of the Greeks, for the enjoyment of all scholars in the seat of learning with which he had been connected. These brief records—we hope there will be more of the poet's boyhood—may at least serve to show Swinburne enthralled by the Elizabethan dramatists at Eton. And they may witness how joyously he remembered Eton's connection with those dramatists when he wrote the Ode for his school.

THE GENIUS AND INFLUENCE OF SWINBURNE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE, WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, I. ZANGWILL, WALTER CRANE, DR. ABRAHAM SEYNE KOK, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, DR. JOHN TODHUNTER, RICHARD WATSON GILDER, AND GEORGE BRANDES.

EDMUND GOSSE:

AN extended impression of Swinburne, as I knew him for more than forty years, appears at this very moment in another place. I must, therefore, ask pardon if my reply to the kind request of THE BOOKMAN is very brief. I do not like, however, not to respond at all. Those are growing few who had the privilege, which I enjoyed in the 'seventies, of sitting in the glow of that marvellous mind at the zenith of its splendour.

The present moment, however, seems to me the most unfortunate possible for the consideration of Swinburne's poetry. When he died we observed the judgments of the newspapers to be either cold or bewildered. The Press was markedly civil, and even respectful, but it did not appear to comprehend. This was bound to be the phenomenon since, if we only consider it, the young

critics of to-day are as far, in time, from "Atalanta in Calydon" as the Restoration was from Shakespeare, or the death of Johnson from the publication of Tennyson's "Timbuctoo." Of course a new generation has arisen; of course young men to-day do not feel as we felt in 1869. We must wait for the whirligig of taste to revolve and bring back the enthusiasm which is lost.

At this moment, then, when the fickle hearts of poetry-lovers are fixed elsewhere, Swinburne's most active influence on living literature is in the direction of criticism. This sounds paradoxical, since he was not a very safe critic. But he introduced, he actually invented, an attitude, an approach to literature which has affected every one who tries to write about poetry with any distinction. The temperature of his praise, the fulness of note in his generous appreciation, were higher and louder than had ever been met with in print before his day. Now, every one can exaggerate the value of any broomstick, and the lesson of "the noble pleasure of praising" is only too universally mastered. But this general heightening of the pulse (which, in its excessive shape, finds that not one out of forty novels a week has "a dull page in it from first to last") is certainly a development of Swinburne's magnificent and courageous ardour for the best poetry, as it was expressed in his tumultuous accents forty years ago.

One more word. Of all the Victorian poets, Swinburne was the most European. When he died the other day vivid tributes to him appeared in France, in Italy, in Germany, even in Portugal, Holland, and Sweden. Foreigners, to whom so much recent English poetry is absolutely unintelligible, could always understand and enjoy the general tenor of Swinburne's genius. This will be explained, some day, by an analysis of his sympathy with large and elemental ideas, put to the same species of music as was employed by the great Continental lyrists of his age. I close these hurried words by mentioning a fact which may be of interest to some readers—that a volume of biography and criticism appeared in Sweden on the last birthday of the poet, and reached London on the day of his death ("Swinburne: en Studie," af Harald Svanberg: Zachrisson, Göteborg). In this book, which I regard as the most complete summary of the external features of Swinburne's work and life which has yet been published in any language, Dr. Svanberg dwells with great penetration on the cosmopolitan character of Swinburne's poetry.

EDMUND GOSSE.

"Before Sunrise."

From a caricature by "Ape," published by *Vanity Fair* in 1874, and reproduced by kind permission of the Editor.

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI:

Being invited to say something about Swinburne, who was a dear friend of mine from about 1860, I cannot refuse to do so, although conscious that neither in respect of space nor in any other regard will my remarks be in the least adequate.

The pre-eminent distinction of Swinburne as a poet was, in my opinion—and this has been generally and warmly recognised—his astonishing lyrical flow and rapture, and his daring and exhaustless mastery of the music of metre and rhythm. In this last point I hardly know but that he excels all other poets of whatsoever country and time. He attained—and this by absolute impulse rather than by exertion—to the lyrical sublime. And it should be added that, in cases where he combines drama with lyricism, as in his "Atalanta" and "Erechtheus," the majesty of the dramatic work is no jot inferior to the sublimity and beauty of the lyric work.

In thought Swinburne was naturally a rebel, an insurgent, disdainful of conventions and compromises; but his disdain of these was balanced by an enthusiastic affection and reverence for what he acknowledged as noble and exalted. In the earlier years of his poetic career people were fond of saying, in one or other accepted jargon, that his writings were "sound and fury, signifying nothing." This I conceive to be a great mistake. He was a man full of thought, study, and knowledge, and his poems have a greater rousing power than those of any other Briton since Byron. When his collected poems appeared some few years ago I re-read them right through, and was not a little impressed with the volume and solidity of mind which they develop.

It is true—and for my part I regret it—that in his later years Swinburne dropped the rôle of a rebel or insurgent, and, without altering the basis of his strong opinions as a republican and anti-dogmatist, he became of the party which calls itself Imperialist, and which some of us call Jingo. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true": so, at least, I think.

In prose-writing Swinburne had a sweeping mastery as singular as that which he displayed in verse. Only

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **A. C. Swinburne.**

it was less well applied: it ran into excess both of expression and of mere expansion.

Of Swinburne personally I will only say that I loved him most heartily for about half a century; and I am certain that he reciprocated my regard without stint. Notwithstanding his curiously excitable nerves and temperament (of which some odd stories could be related, applicable chiefly to his earlier years), he and I never had a moment's jarring. He was highly honourable, courageous, generous-minded, veracious, a firm and stout friend—in short, in several respects the very model of a gentleman. Who will be the man to do justice to him as biographer?

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

I. ZANGWILL:

Swinburne was the greatest singer that ever lived. Observe, I do not say the greatest poet. I take the opportunity of saying that it is a scandal that only posthumous honour has been paid to Swinburne. I shall always be pleased to think that I sent him, on the seventy-second birthday which preceded his death by a few days, a telegram of congratulation on the birthday of an Immortal.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

WALTER CRANE:

I may say that I have always entertained a high admiration for Swinburne's genius as a poet. His extraordinary command of words and power of combining them most musically seemed to me greater than his powers of thought. He seemed to use words as a painter uses colours, and if he had been a painter, would certainly have belonged to the decorative school. He might be termed a decorative poet. His reputation might rest upon his early triumph, "Atalanta in Calydon." It was disappointing that his early enthusiasm for human freedom seemed to wane in his later days, and that the sunset did not re-echo the dawn.

WALTER CRANE.

DR. ABRAHAM SEYNE KOK
(the well-known Dutch critic and author):

Algernon Charles Swinburne has been highly appreciated for many, many years past in the Netherlands. Though Tennyson is, perhaps, a more general favourite among Dutch lovers of English poetry, Swinburne has won the admiration of the more artistic and highly developed minds in our country, of those that have a feeling for the most brilliant revelations of the genuine poetic spirit. In 1878 already there appeared a free translation of Mr. Edmund Gosse's elaborate study on Swinburne in the monthly magazine, *De Banier*. In the same year Mr. Allard Pierson, one of the most sagacious critics of our country, an author of extensive knowledge and fine poetic taste, published a very interesting essay on Swinburne as a prose-writer in *De Gids* (*The Guide*). He sets forth that the critic and the artist are one in Swinburne; his style does not remind us of any prose-writer of the nineteenth century; his style is distinguished by all the features of originality and individuality. Add to this a rare command of words arising from an overwhelming richness of ideas and guided by pure taste. Next year Mr. Pierson's splendidly written essay on Swinburne the poet appeared in the same periodical. The writer gives a critical survey of "Atalanta," "Erechtheus," "Bothwell," and Swinburne's political poetry. Many ably translated fragments illustrate this article. The conclusion is that coming poets will have much to learn from Swinburne, far more than from Tennyson. In 1906 there appeared an article on modern English poets in *De Gids* by

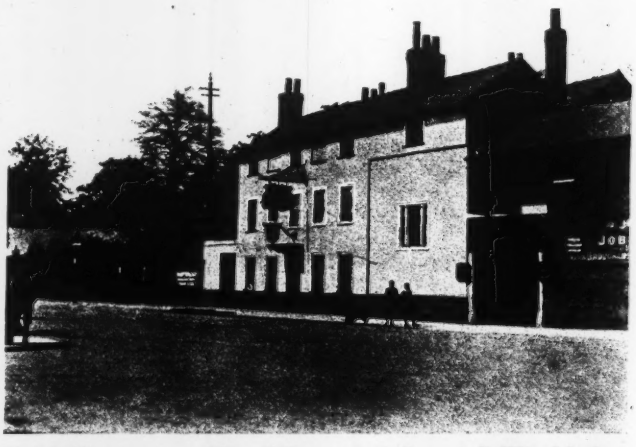


Photo by Miss Augusta A. Temple. **The "Rose and Crown," Wimbledon (looking towards the Common).**

Where Swinburne occasionally rested after his morning walk across Putney Heath.

Dr. Edward B. Koster, and, of course, a considerable part is devoted to Swinburne. In English anthologies published in Holland, such as "The Rainbow," in four parts, and the "Literary Reader," by Taco H. de Beer, several poems of Swinburne are quoted.

A. S. KOK, PH. D.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:

I think it is a pity Swinburne did not do more work as a translator. The fragment from "The Birds" of Aristophanes which he left showed what he could have done in that way. The value of such work has been shown since by Professor Gilbert Murray, who has devoted himself so largely to making the Greek drama once more a living thing. This work of recovering ideas which were reached by the human mind for a moment from the crest of a former wave of development, and from which it so soon fell away, is extraordinarily interesting, and gets more and more exciting as we rise on the next wave and see further and further into poetry that meant nothing to our fathers. It requires as much originality and insight as the production of new poems—indeed more than most new poems call for. Now it happens that Swinburne, who seemed incapable of receiving any stimulus from the life around him, was highly susceptible to literary impressions. Putney could not set him thinking; but the Periclean age could. A great deal of his early verse about Pope Pius, Napoleon III., and the revolutionary movement is mere paraphrase of Victor Hugo and Mazzini, not to be compared in point of sincerity and originality with Professor Murray's avowed and intended translations from Euripides. Swinburne needed a literary inspiration: he was really always a paraphraser, and he could rise to the ideas of the author he was paraphrasing with a power quite astonishing in a man who could not rise to the life and action round him at all, and who apparently passed by natural objects without seeing them—even those natural objects of which he had paraphrased descriptions again and again. He was a splendid sounding-board, vibrating grandly to other people's conceptions; and if he had spent his life in turning Greek thought into English music he would have enriched the nation enormously. As it was, he has left us nothing but a wonderful garment of words that clothed very little of himself. His prose, with its mechanical alliterations and its continual substitution of a violent superlative qualified by an "all but" or a "well nigh" for the right word which he never could find, is villainous in style and often not much better in temper; but his disregard for other people's feelings and his recluse's freedom from the social influences and superstitions which muzzle the rest of us even more than our timidity and good-nature enabled him to say many things that other critics would not say. He was never stupid exactly; but he often produced an impression of disloyalty by the transition from the splendour and vigour of his echoes of revolutionary writers to the conventionality of his own views, which were made in Putney. It is quite staggering to pass from his inspired exposition of Blake's meaning to his suburban disapprobation of it. One sometimes asks whether anybody but a very dull man could have swallowed the Elizabethan dramatists so indiscriminately as he, or whether he would have swallowed them at all if he had never read Lamb. Yet it is impossible to think of Swinburne as dull. He was an odd phenomenon, this supporter of Dublin Castle who was a republican and regicide when Russia was in question; always distinguished and powerful at second hand, always commonplace and futile at first hand; great on paper, insignificant on Putney Hill. I never got anything from him except the musical pleasure of reading his verse; and I could not go on very long with that, any more than I could make my dinner off raspberry jam. But the pleasure was very great whilst it lasted. R.I.P.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in the Garden, "The Pines," Putney.

DR. JOHN TODHUNTER.

I have a vivid memory of the time when those two new planets, Rossetti and Morris, and that portentous comet of wider and more eccentric orbit, Swinburne, first "swam into my ken." Here was a new group of poets; each with a fine feeling for the craftsmanship of verse, each with a style of his own, yet with an outlook on life and an artistic treatment similar enough to warrant the critics in speaking of them as a school—"fleshly" or otherwise, as seemed good to them to label it. I have heard the three thus epigrammati-

cally characterised: "Morris is earthly, Rossetti sensual, and Swinburne devilish." This at least recognised the dæmonic quality of Swinburne's genius.

The "school," if it may be called so, was essentially one of imaginative design, of graceful form, and fine colour, in which words and phrases, often reminiscent of the old ballads, Chaucer and the Elizabethans, gave a mellow tone to the decorative pattern of the verse and the lyrical expression of the passion; while all three called us from the bustle and struggle of everyday life to sit with them by "the shores of old romance." Keats had "fished the murex up"; these men elaborated the scale and scheme of colour. Rossetti charmed us with his fine ballads and dexterously fashioned sonnets; Morris, the great Sagaman, in his delightfully told stories in "The Earthly Paradise," gave us a series of beautiful tapestries to adorn the chambers of our souls. Swinburne, with a strange new music of his own, more passionate, more magical in its rhythmic modulations than theirs, fascinated us with the strange witchery of his poems and ballads, and in "Atalanta in Calydon" swept us away into the higher regions of song. He was not, as Morris too modestly styled himself, "the idle singer of an empty day." He was at heart a *Vates*, with a message to deliver to his generation—a denouncer of woe to the oppressors of the earth, the "priests and kings" of Shelley. An indignant volcano raged in him, and the lava burst forth occasionally, as in "A Song of Italy," in which he scathes those he hated as tyrants and enemies of mankind, and celebrates his saints, Mazzini and Garibaldi, in an ode which for solemn music and sustained enthusiasm is unsurpassed in English verse except by the finest lyrical work of Shelley.

But if he was a good hater, he was also a good lover, especially of children, in whom he delighted, and whom he celebrated in many charming lyrics. He loved them as he loved that man of childlike heart, Charles Lamb, whose mishandling by Carlyle he avenged in more than one bitter sonnet. But Carlyle was not a "snake." Lamb's prejudice against men of Scottish nationality probably induced him to play some of his fantastic tricks upon the earnest young prophet, who came to estimate his personal value. His own humour and that of Lamb were out of tune with each other. Hence his puzzled snarl.

Swinburne was not only a master of the technique of verse, but an inventor of new metres. Great as a lyric poet, he, like Shelley, was attracted by the epic and dramatic forms of poetry, which he treated in his own masterful way. His "Tristram of Lyonesse" may be compared and contrasted with some of Morris's narrative poems. This poem, while full of splendid passages, full of music, colour, and passion, regarded merely as a piece of story-telling is inferior to the work of Morris, who was a born story-teller. It lacks his direct simplicity of narrative. The progress of the story is delayed by the rich exuberance of metaphor introduced like the elaborate borders and full-page illuminations in an old manuscript. Yet here the illumination is so fine that the reader would be ungrateful who wished it away.

Photo by J. E. Briddon, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Swinburne's Grave in Bonchurch Churchyard.

In dramatic work the "Atalanta" is Swinburne's most splendid success. If I had to choose a single poem in which all his great poetic powers are at their best I should choose this—Greek in form, but with a richness of emotional colour which is modern and his own in the solemn splendour of the blank verse, and the captivating beauty of the choruses. Chastelard seems to pale before it, in spite of the skill with which the dramatist has depicted the character of Mary as he here conceived it. As a play it is not quite convincing in its dramatic handling, and is monotonous in the rhythm of its verse. The *dramatis personæ*, unlike those of Shakespeare and Shelley, all speak in much the same metrical fashion. The exquisite French lyrics shine like gems in contrast with their setting.

But space is limited, and I must cut short these rough notes. In Swinburne we have lost the last, and in some ways the most remarkable, of the great Victorian poets.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(Editor of the "Century"):

I may venture but a word of admiration for the poet who carried the rhythmic side of the poetic art probably farther than any English poet who ever lived. At least, he identified himself with that quality in verse to a greater degree than any other. The treasury of English verse is richer through him, with a new and unsurpassable richness.

Will you permit me in this connection to repeat these lines which express the writer's faith that even with this great eclipse England's succession of true singers remains unbroken:

BARDS OF BRITAIN.

The poets silent and the poets fled?
Not till these two that pluck the lyre are dead!

He of the patriot heart and Milton's line,
With soaring song and melody divine;
And he who makes the old days breathe again,
Yet sings the hour that is, and hearts of living men.

R. W. GILDER.

GEORGE BRANDES

(the eminent Danish critic):

That enthusiastic, high-souled, and courageous man, Algernon Charles Swinburne, surpasses all living poets in the harmony of his verses. For my part, I would never have believed that there could be such *music* in words, and especially in the English language. I am acquainted with the rare merits of Shelley and Keats, but no one has ever yet had the master touch, the miraculous skill of Swinburne in the art of making music with words.

I regard the poem to Mazzini, which is introduced into "Songs Before Sunrise," as the *non plus ultra* of linguistic beauty. A hundred other poems of his could perhaps be named as being of equal value, but this was the first poem from his pen which I read when I was very young, and I was suddenly captivated by his lyric genius.

As a poet, Swinburne was completely an artist. Nothing could be more different than his style is from the simple poetry of popular songs or from the styles of those poets who preceded him, as, for instance, Burns. Certainly he was a great English nature-poet (a great adorer of nature after the fashion of Lucretius), but he had not the simple and spontaneous note of the popular lyrist. He was essentially a poet for the learned and cultured; even his paganism was cultured.

It is remarkable that though there is a constant variety in the music of his strophes, these strophes are always put together on the same system. He never causes the metre to yield to the free demands of the sentiments expressed. That is what separates him especially from all other modern poets in France and elsewhere. Whilst romantic enough in spirit and in feeling, he was severely classical in his metric form. He carried out the programme of Théophile Gautier in his poem on "Art." His Muse was always "shod with a tight buskin." But correct as it was, the studied sameness of his strophes in their style of architecture gives a certain stiffness to his poetry.

The chief defect of his lyric poems is their length. Almost all of them are too long. Lyric inspiration cannot sustain the poet through some twelve to twenty pages. By its length even so pure a masterpiece as "Dolores" is spoiled. Perhaps his best poems are the shortest ones; but the pantheistic verses from Victor Hugo, "Le Satyre," are very fine, as also are the funeral march "In Memory of Barry Cornwall," "A Match," and "A Forsaken Garden."

I do not think that the English public venerated him as he deserved, and it is a disgrace to the Scandinavian North that he did not receive the Nobel Prize.

GEORGE BRANDES.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the most amusing sentence, not exceeding forty words, constructed entirely from the titles of well-known books.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS KITTY GALLAGHER, of 9, Resca Road, Newport, Mon., for the following:

THE INCOMPLEAT ETONIAN. BY FRANK DANBY.

"Very rough and thick his hair was,
Very round and red his face was,
Very dusty was his jacket,
Very fidgety his manner."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Hiawatha's Photographing.*

We also select for printing:

MR. OPP. BY ALICE HEGAN RICE.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"—LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

(N. R. Ridley, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

FRATERNITY. BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.*

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)

MARIE CORELLI.

"Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despight.
Thou art above their malice; and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendours to their shame appear."
GEORGE WITHER.

(Mrs. Mary Irwin, 1, Lower Grand Canal Street, Dublin.)

LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT. By O. ONIONS.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar.*

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the two best extracts from any English authors, one taking a favourable, the other an unfavourable view of any recent literary or social development, is awarded to MRS. PANSIE ANNIE RAINEY, of 6, Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall, for the following:

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.

(1) "Mr. Austin was a firm believer in new and higher destinies for women. He went farther than she could concede the right of human speculation to go; he was, in fact, as Radical there as Nevil Beauchamp politically; and would not the latter innovator stare, perchance frown conservatively, at a prospect of women taking council, *in council*, with men upon public affairs like the women in Germania! Mr. Austin, if this time he talked in earnest, deemed that Englishwomen were on the road to win such promotion, and would win it ultimately. He said soberly that he saw more certain indications of the reality of progress among women than any at present shown by men. And he was professedly temperate. He was but for opening avenues to the means of livelihood for them, and leaving it to their strength to conquer the position they might wish to win. His belief that they would do so was the revolutionary sign."—GEORGE MEREDITH, *Beauchamp's Career.*

(2) "Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion."—TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MISS J. SENECU, 20, Agamemnon Road, West Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

THE BLUE BIRD. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. (Methuen.)

M. Maeterlinck has chosen the colour of the sky and the distances to symbolise that dweller on the horizon—happiness. He shows all his wonted power of subtle and exquisite suggestion, and in the conveyal of the spiritual underside of things in a form in which simplicity and the terrible are mingled. We may, perhaps, question why children, both of quite commonplace development, and one of a feeble and unadventurous spirit, should be chosen for the revelation of mysteries their souls have not yet learned to question, and of which they have not felt the burden.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews received are:

THE JUNE PRINCESS. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Chatto & Windus.)

This book is worthy of the writer of "An April Princess," and combines interest with charm throughout the story. It is characterised by an intimate knowledge of human nature, but this is tempered by a keen sense of humour, and a kindly sympathy, so that, though we may laugh at the foibles of Nancy, Dickie, and others of the Princess's loyal retainers, we never ridicule them. The pages of this story are instinct with a "joie de vivre" which is infectious beyond words, and makes the reader much younger and happier for having read it.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MISS CHARITY. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Charity is a delightful story of country life. The characters are clearly drawn, and their personalities vividly depicted. The book is simple and unambitious, but is written with that artfully concealed art which is necessary to weave a story of this kind successfully. Conversation is undoubtedly Keble Howard's *forte*; his characters converse in an absolutely natural and quite delightful manner; we are convinced that we should, in the circumstances, have said just the same ourselves. Although the author inclines towards idealism in certain of his views, the freshness and individuality of the whole cannot but charm the reader.

(Miss C. Maning, Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.)

We also particularly commend the reviews sent in by Mattie H. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss Hickey (Dukinfield), Ella A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Lilian James (Exmouth), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), T. A. Walters (Ilkley), Charles South (Bootle), Mrs. Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), M. Windeatt Roberts (Bideford), and J. F. Johnson (Leicester).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to MISS EVELYN A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants.

THE DOWN GRADE IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I cannot forbear asking your leave once more to speak on this painful and disquieting subject. The plague of unclean books, and especially of dangerous fiction, is raging on every side. Writers, publishers, librarians, booksellers, and the great purveyors who determine what shall be sold on railway-stalls seem alike in a conspiracy to let no chance escape of pressing on the multitude a literature as unwholesome as it is anarchical. I never leave my house to journey in any direction but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised of which the gospel is adultery and the apocalypse the right of suicide. These highly charged explosives, a few years ago simply French, are now multiplied and multiplying in our English market. Is there no public opinion strong enough, at any rate, to forbid the display of them at railway-stations? Will Christian fathers and mothers go on tolerating in so criminal a fashion the mischief such reading cannot but inflict on the young of both sexes? I am amazed at the blindness of good people to a state of things which must end in the widespread ruin of religion and the degradation of morals. Is it really no one's concern but that of the vicious-minded author and the money-seeking publisher? I call these printed pages the Black Death. Who will arrest its march?

Certain imbeciles (if they do not happen to be cynics

or anarchists) will pooh-pooh my contention as pedantry, clericalism, or lack of acquaintance with life. I am not addressing these imbeciles; I know the cynic is incorrigible; and the anarchist—*voilà l'ennemi!* But I do appeal to serious minds of whatever calling; to the old inbred English pieties of hearth and home; to all who are not eaten up with frivolity and who understand that thought is action. On this head the men now resolved to pull down our Christian ideals do not differ from me. They know well how revolutions are made. First corrupt the imagination and so take the feelings captive, then law and custom will follow. There is one instinct governing these ten thousand stories—the instinct of revolt—revolt against self-control or any control, high or low, by man or God. The woman clamours for Free Love, though she would be its most unhappy victim, an Ariadne in Naxos left behind at the sailing-season by Theseus intent on fresh adventures. Her partner talks polygamy, drugs himself with pleasure, and keeps the key of death in his pocket. Horrible as are the devil's tracts commending licence at the springs of life, I am yet more appalled when I read dainty eloquent sermons which glory in self-murder. What magic from the nether deeps has thrown a glamour like this over the modern spirit?

That which would strike me dumb as I look out on such a world is the smile—the scornful grin, rather—hovering about the common reviewer's lips when he hears a protest against indecent, atheistic, inhuman, devitalising fiction as being a danger to the commonweal. What does he fancy to be the object of literature? He has never given it a thought. All he wants is to write his column and get the cash for it. He certainly would tell me that it is no business of the critic to preach. And I tell him that the critic who does not preach, under these conditions, is an accomplice after the act. He boasts that the journal has killed the pulpit. Very well; then the duties of the preaching-clergy have passed to the journalist. He may neglect, he cannot escape them. If reading were only an amusement, refined or vulgar, I should not now be pleading for the censorship of the public conscience to hold it within due bounds. But it is the most effective of agencies in shaping those principles by which a nation lives or dies. That immense upgrowth of pernicious books will bear fruit in character; it has done so already. What is the use of our reasoning on "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come" in half-empty churches, when the great circulating machines of Literature pour out by the myriad volumes which deride self-control, scoff at the godlike in man, deny the judgment, and by most potent illustration declare that death ends all? To these new Hot Gospellers man is but the chief animal of two sexes endowed with a cunning brain to feed appetite. After he has gorged his fill, he may cram his mouth with poison and he ceases to be. I could quote you novels of every season for years past of which that is the burden; but who has not seen them or heard the discussion of their merits—never literary, always turning on the view they inculcate, and thereby proving my argument against the dilettante? Thought, I say once more, is action. As we delight to dream of the world within, so will our lives be coloured; and we shall be obedient to our vision, not now a heavenly one like St. Paul's, but earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Such "vile affections" disgracing the noble art of teaching by example are tokens and forerunners of national decay. But surely the young ought to be protected from their assault. Books are now to be had on every railway platform at a nominal cost which, in my judgment, should be confiscated wherever found by the police. Is it not the duty of the Home Secretary to get information concerning this matter and to act upon it? *Our* duty who care for clean literature is not to cease our protest until something effective has been done towards staying the plague.

Yours,

WILLIAM BARRY.

LEAMINGTON, *May* 3, 1909.

New Books.

HEADLESS HISTORY.

Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., seems to have thought that there was enough fine writing about the French Revolution. Genius in the persons of Carlyle and Michelet, supreme historical talent of Mignet and Thiers, and half a hundred others, has illuminated Versailles and the Tuileries in 1789. His task be it to cut a plain path for an honest pedestrian through all this jungle of luxuriant historiography. What is wanted for this kind of work is a trenchant edge; point or finesse can be dispensed with. Refinement in dealing with the exact measure of the credibility of respective authorities is a superfluous luxury when the object in view is no more than a plain tale.

* "Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette." By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. 2 vols., 24s. net. With 35 Illustrations. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The story begins in May 1774 (with, first a whispering, and then a rushing mighty wind in the Œil-de-Bœuf, the whole Court rushing as if for a wager to salute the new sovereigns), and ends with the execution of the widow Capet, grey before her time, at the age of thirty-eight. That at least is where it ought to end, but after 630 pages of text comes 46 pages of Appendix which should have been Prologue, for it contains a succinct narrative, rather too succinct to be impartial, of the Bourbon dynasty from 1589 to 1774. The story has been told so often and with so many slight variations of tone and sentiment that the tune has become decidedly blurred. The whole rout of Versailles has become phantasmal—a phantasmagoria. And yet, in some ways, the narrative seems nearer than it can have ever done to the horrified readers of Croker and Carlyle.

The picture has been filled up with so many small details that it has lost that air of impenetrable mysteriousness and

indescribable doom which formerly characterised it. The characters are clearer and the background is sharper and smaller. Colonel Haggard, indeed, dispenses with atmosphere altogether. He simply does not provide one. But he atones for it to some extent by the strong interest he seems to take in the characters of his personages. His curiosity in this respect is well backed up by his penetration.

However we explain the main facts of the Revolution—and I think we must explain the broad issues in a way consistent with the utmost latitude of opinion, seeking most of the provocations at least as far back as the period from 1688 to 1712—a very great deal of the responsibility for what actually occurred must still fall upon a small group of persons. It is, at the very lowest estimate, quite appalling when we reflect how much turned upon the personality of Louis XVI. And that such a solecism incarnate, such a do-nothing and eat-all, should have been chosen by destiny to occupy the throne of Henri IV. and Louis XIV. at such a crisis, is one of the greatest ironies on the page of history. Yet in the qualities that are most, and most justly, prized by men, such as intellect and courage, Louis XVI. was by no means deficient. He was clever at his hobby of lock-making, a sure symptom that he was no mediocre fool. His knowledge of geography was exceptional. He made two wonderful globes, and he is said with his own hand to have drawn up the instructions for the circumnavigator M. de la Pérouse, which were attributed at the time to a committee of the Academy of Sciences. He was slow but very just in the correction or editing of despatches, and is said to have had a remarkable memory for figures. He went through the most terrifying experiences without showing ever a qualm of fear. But he had defects even more paralysing than lack of sense or heart for a ruler of men. He had not a mind of his own for five minutes together. He was, in consequence, eternally at the mercy of the mind nearest him that had a will of its own. A reformer and a reactionary by turns, Turgot and Necker could get his consent to anything, till his back was turned, and another influence came into control. And so Louis was never sufficiently decided in favour of one plan to be convinced that the diametrically opposite would not have countervailing advantages and, perhaps, be better in the long run, after all. Such a temperament may be a trump card for a subordinate, but absolutely nonsuits a chief. His brother said of him that his character was like a lot of greased ivory billiard-balls—keep them together you could not.

His weaknesses were just those which it is almost impossible for a self-respecting king to own to—sloth, gluttony, rudeness, and taciturnity. Like Charles I. (significant fact) he was tongue-tied and hen-pecked, governed by a feather-head. Dumont wrote in his "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau":

> "People argue endlessly about the causes of the Revolution. The one dominant and efficient explanation to my thinking is to be found in the character of the King. Place a king of firm and decided character in the position of Louis XVI. and the Revolution would never have come about. His reign is one long slope down into the vortex. His indecision, his weakness, his half measures, his lack of good counsel, nay, of ordinary foresight, ruined everything."

There is a nullity about this ill-fated descendant of St. Louis which is annihilating.

When the gardes du corps gave their lives for the Queen at Versailles he wept, but could find no words to express his sentiment. When the Swiss were summoned to defend the Tuileries and a few words of gallantry would have set them on fire, he said—nothing. When he was captured at Varennes, he said—nothing. When news arrived that the Bastille had been taken, he wrote in his diary—"Rien." The humiliation of defeat, the shock of captivity, the anguish of seeing her loved ones suffer, developed the soul of womanhood in Marie Antoinette; through sorrow she became noble, has ennobled others, and surpassed in fame all the women of a century prolific in great queens. But sorrow produced no effect whatever upon Louis. His lethargy, his slovenly habits, his somnolence, and his appetite remained almost entirely unchanged. We shall prove too much if we pursue this line of character demonstration.

Colonel Haggard is inclined to attribute all the disasters of the débâcle to the sins of commission on the part of the Queen, but these cannot be separated, surely, from sins of omission on the part of the King.

An apocalyptic style and a Carlylean vocabulary seem needed to describe the sequence of events beginning with the affair of the necklace and ending upon the Place de la Révolution. Told in unvarnished prose, staled though it is by repetition, it seems almost too horrible. "Her cap was then removed and the Queen's white locks were cut off by Sanson, who stuffed the hair into his pocket." From the tension of details such as this it is a relief to most of us to turn to the description of a poet and the full-sailed prose of a Lamartine. Episodes there are in the history of that time which the reverence due to generations yet unborn requires to be sealed to all lips but those of the most eloquent and expiatory of poet historians.

> "Thus died the Queen, frivolous in prosperity, sublime in misfortune, intrepid upon the scaffold, the idol of a court, cruelly entreated by the people, the stray goddess of royalty, the personal enemy of the Revolution. This Revolution she knew neither how to foresee, to comprehend, or to accept. She knew only how to irritate, and then to dread it. The people cast up on her, unjustly, all the hatred with which they bespattered the old régime; called her in the first instance to occupy a throne, and would grant her, at the bitter end, not so much as a tomb. We read in the register of common, or pauper, interments in La Madeleine: 'For the coffin of the widow Capet, 7 francs.'"

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HISTORY IN ROMANCE.*

Many and varied are the forms which a dedication can take, from the eloquently simple form, "To ——," to the redundantly explanatory form employed by Mr. Hueffer in a ten-page letter to his dedicatee. Those who have a liking for the simple would do well, on taking up "The 'Half-Moon,'" to "cut the cackle and come to the story," if we may apply the old advice. And the story, it may be said at once, is one that is well worth coming to. Mr. Hueffer has before shown us how well able he is to give to olden times and people the feeling of reality. In his trilogy of novels about the tragic story of the fifth of Henry the Eighth's six queens, he was moving largely in and about the pageantry of Tudor court life; in his new book we are for the most part concerned with humbler *dramatis personæ*, though in one of the chapters James the First is briefly presented with remarkable effect. Those readers who are versed in the details of old-time exploration will not need to be told that the *Half-Moon* was the name of one of the vessels in which Henry Hudson, the navigator, made his voyages to the far North and West. We are, however, well into the book before we reach that storied vessel.

It is in the picturesque Sussex seaport of Rye that Mr. Hueffer sets the earlier scenes of his romance, introducing us to Edward Colman, shipbuilder and jurat of that ancient place, and showing us how he was in love with the daughter of a Dutch dweller without the gates of the privileged port, and how he was loved by the passionate Anne Jeal, daughter of the Mayor and herself Mayoress of Rye. As befits the historian of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Hueffer is well versed in the privileges which belonged to the citizens of Rye, and though he does not obtrude his learning he makes it serve in admirable fashion the purposes of his story. In her passion Anne Jeal seeks first the ruin of Magdalena Koop and then of Edward Colman himself; nor does she stop at anything which shall achieve her end. Seeking to witness the coup which she

* "The 'Half-Moon': a Romance of the Old World and the New." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

has planned, she is made to hear the hastily performed marriage service between Edward and Magdalena. Thus is her jealousy turned to hatred. Colman finds it advisable to exile himself for a time until a pardon can be arranged, and thus he goes to Holland, falls in with Hudson, and sails in the *Half-Moon*. But Anne Jeal is not satisfied with bringing the forces of the Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex to bear against the man who had had the temerity to withstand her charms, nor even with direct appeal to the King; she indulges also in the practice of witchcraft that Colman may be made to suffer, and the novelist shows his hero's sufferings as synchronising with the practices of the woman scorned, which twentieth-century readers may regard as a severe test of their credulity. The author, however, so well succeeds in making us breathe the early seventeenth-century atmosphere that we find ourselves accepting the witchcraft as our forefathers of that day would have done, and it is only on considering the story after reaching the end that our modernity protests. Though it is an interesting and well-knit romance, with the uncommon combination of neat character-delineation with a record of adventurous doings, it is perhaps by its vivid presentation of Hudson, the navigator, that the book makes its most lasting impression. Many readers, after finishing this story, will find that Henry Hudson has become something more than a name in the history of discovery, a name upon the map of North America; he has become for them a strong, self-willed, somewhat whimsical personality. It is an admirable piece of fictional portraiture serving the purpose of the historical. In historical fiction there are many methods, ranging from that in which the object is to tell a story without any special regard to the historical verisimilitude of the setting, to that in which accuracy of "local colour" is made of more importance than the story. Mr. Hueffer manages to keep the mean with singular success; he has planned a good story, set it forth well, and has charged it throughout with the right feeling of the period to which its characters belong.

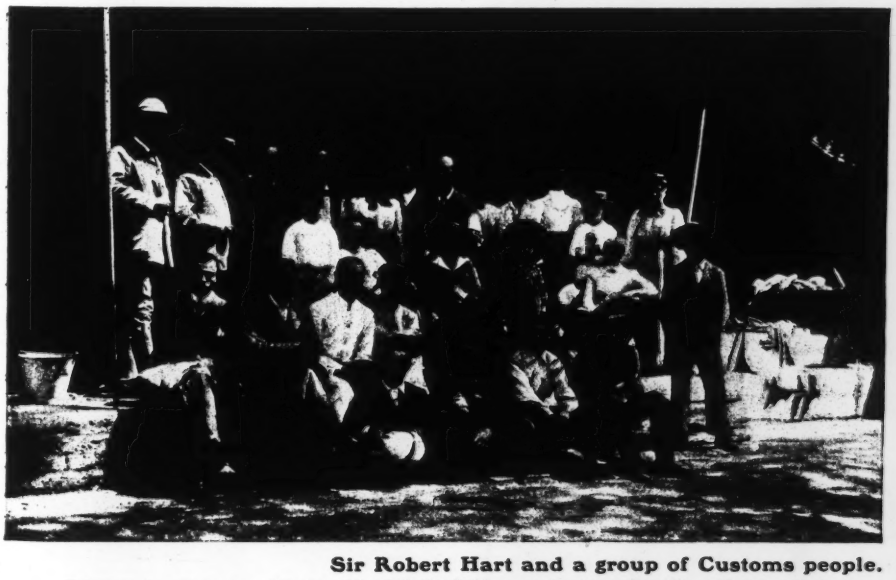
WALTER JERROLD.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.*

When we have made every allowance for Miss Bredon's insistence that it is the "romance" of Sir Robert Hart's long career in China that she tells in this book and for her acknowledgment that the story of his life can be but imperfectly written now, we still confess to a certain feeling of disappointment. Even within the limits which she has imposed upon herself Miss Bredon has, we think, been unduly superficial. She gives us many amusing anecdotes about Sir Robert Hart, but she fails to bring out with sufficient clearness the great and beneficent changes which he wrought during his career as Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs. A biography which shall do for Sir Robert Hart what, for example, Mr. Demetrius Boulger has done for the late Sir Halliday Macartney remains still to be written.

And yet Miss Bredon's biography, told in a simple style which is artless almost to the point at times of being ungrammatical, is not without its interest and value. We can see that even as a boy and very young man Sir Robert Hart gave evidence of his future distinction. Not many schoolboys would dare to inform their master that "it is wonderful the way you treat us boys, just as if you were our superior; just as if you were not a little dust and water like the rest of us. One would think from your manners you were our master, whereas you are really our servant. It is we who give you your livelihood—and yet you behave to us in this high-handed manner." Not many men, again, do so well at college that the authorities, on seeing a certain man's name among the list of candidates, award a vacant post to him without troubling to hold the competitive examination which had been announced. Such, however, was the case with Sir Robert Hart, who thus in 1854 obtained a billet in the Chinese Consular Service. The parting advice tendered to him by the Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office is amusing. "When you reach Hongkong," said he, "*never* venture into the sun without an umbrella, and never go snipe-shooting without top-boots pulled up well over the thighs." Upon which Miss Bredon well says that as no snipe have ever been seen in Hongkong, the last piece of counsel was as absurd as the first was sensible. During his first few years in China Sir Robert had the advantage of serving under the famous Sir Harry Parkes, but in 1859 he was offered a post by the Chinese as Deputy-Commissioner of Customs at Canton. He accepted, and left the British service to begin that work which was destined to make his enduring reputation. In 1863 he became Inspector-General, and he held the position for over forty years till the Inspectorate of Customs was transferred by Imperial Edict from the Wai-Wu-Pu to the Shui-Wu-Ch'u, a Board specially created to control it. Although, as we have said already, it is to be regretted that Miss Bredon has not said more upon this, by far the most important, aspect of Sir Robert Hart's life, there were many other parts which he was called upon to play at different times. Over and over again we find him acting as a peacemaker and smoothing down difficulties and misunderstandings which might have entailed the most serious consequences. Perhaps the most conspicuous example is his mediation between "Chinese Gordon" and Li Hung Chang after the fall of

* "Sir Robert Hart: The Romance of a Great Career." Told by his niece, Juliet Bredon. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)



Sir Robert Hart and a group of Customs people.

Taken on August 14, 1900, the day of the Relief of Peking, on the steps of the house they occupied during the siege.

From "Sir Robert Hart," by Juliet Bredon. (Hutchinson.)

Soochow in the Taiping rebelllion, when Li had summarily beheaded the surrendered Wangs. His excuse was, to say the least of it, naïve. "I meant," he said, "to keep my word as to the Princes' safe-conduct; but when I saw those fellows come in with their hair long, the very sign of rebellion, and only wearing the white badge of submission in their buttonholes, I thought it such insolence that anger overcame me, and I gave the order for their execution."

One episode in Sir Robert's career may be quoted as illustrating admirably the workings of the Chinese mind. Towards the end of 1889 the Emperor issued an Imperial Decree raising Sir Robert Hart to the Chinese equivalent of the peerage.

> "Henceforth he belonged to the distinguished company of Iron-Hatted Dukes—at least, not he but his ancestors did, for this was no ordinary father-to-son patent of nobility. The topsy-turvy honour reached backward instead of forward, diminishing one rank with each succeeding generation.
>
> "The Chinese reason is as follows: 'If a man is wise or great or successful, it is because his forbears were studious or temperate or frugal. Therefore, when we give rewards, shall we not give them where they are justly due?'"

The argument is certainly as logical as any that can be advanced in favour of our own system of creating peers. As a solution of "the dominating issue" it is worth consideration by Liberal politicians.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON.*

Mr. Wilfred Whitten, editor of that admirable anthology "London in Song," has taken "Jack o' London" as his pen-name. If Mr. Lewis Melville were sole compiler of "London's Lure," one might suggest "Lewis o' London" as his. But remembering the injunction in the Marriage Service: "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," the mere reviewer hesitates to separate the names of the man and woman who are one, not only in matrimony, but in the compilation of a volume. "London's Lure" is described on the title-page as "An Anthology in Prose and Verse, by Helen and Lewis Melville." One student, at least, of my acquaintance prefers to limit the use of the word "Anthology" to verse, but passing over that point, I venture to suggest "The Melvilles o' the Metropolis" as a pen-name for the compilers of this collection.

A work which attempted to bring together all the notable literary allusions to London would require a lifetime's reading and would constitute a library in itself. The present volume is, of course, merely a contribution towards such an effort, and must necessarily be of a fragmentary nature, as well as a mirror of the taste and of the reading of the compilers.

Mrs. Watts-Hughes has invented an instrument called the eidophone. On a stretched membrane of gold-beater's skin she scatters sand or seeds, and then sings into a receiver, whereupon the sands or seeds instantly form themselves into perfect and beautiful geometrical figures. In a book like "London's Lure," unless there be some personal quality in the compilers answering to the harmonic effect produced upon the eidophone by the human voice, we have a mere inchoate and incoherent mass of extracts. "London's Lure" has this indefinable personal quality or aroma, and so stands the test by which so many other collections fall.

I am sorry that, to this grove wherein such rare birds warble of London, larkwise and lyrically, or make music of another sort in harmonious prose, Mr. and Mrs. Melville have thought it necessary to "lure" such wing-weary veterans as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and Wordsworth's "Sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge." I am more sorry that they should have perched at the very end of their green and sacred grove, and upon the last tree—to croak "Finis" to the volume, in fact—so hunted, harried, and dismal a raven as Macaulay's "New Zealander." The odds are that the New Zealander in question, so far from living to survey the ruins of St. Paul's from London Bridge, is more likely to be done to death, and deservedly, by those of us who are as weary of hearing him quoted as other writers seem to be unweary in quoting him.

With these three exceptions the contents are singularly fresh and unhackneyed. The editors have reaped, or rather gleaned, the centuries from the fourteenth to the twentieth, for their selection includes the names of John Lydgate, Edmund Spenser, Herrick, Ben Jonson, Gay, Pope, Addison, Swift, Blake, Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Macaulay, Hazlitt, Hood, Wordsworth, Lytton, Brontë, Carlyle, Borrow, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Black, James Thomson, Jefferies, Locker-Lampson, Wilde, Besant, Howells, Lang, Dobson, Watts-Dunton, Quiller-Couch, Amy Levy, Gissing, Gosse, Conrad, Rhys, Hichens, Barrie, Zangwill, Archibald Marshall, Alfred Noyes, James Douglas, St. John Adcock, and A. E. W. Mason.

In his essay on "Quotations and Originality," Emerson says: "Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it." If that be so, we are all Mr. and Mrs. Melville's debtors, for the peculiar distinction of "London's Lure" is that some of the most memorable and remarkable extracts have never, to my knowledge, been printed in a book of the sort. Mr. James Douglas, for instance, who has a trick of etching his pictures on our memory as poignantly as acid eats into metal, is here finely represented. There is, too, an exquisite poem by Mr. St. John Adcock, in which the pitifulness of the heart-cry over London's so-called "lost" reminds one of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." For these, as well as the admirably selected extracts from Mr. George Barlow, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Henry James, and the late Lionel Johnston, I am as grateful as I am for the omission of anything from the pen of the brilliant but ubiquitous Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Locker-Lampson once said that the first question the majority of reviewers appear to put to themselves in dealing with an anthology is: "Now let me search the pages, to see whether I can blame the editors for omitting something that ought to have gone in." I remember quoting this to Mr. Swinburne, who replied: "One does not cease to be human in becoming a reviewer (though some authors think so), any more than one ceases to be human when becoming a clergyman. A reviewer must bring his expert knowledge to bear to discover what has been omitted, quite as much as he brings his expert knowledge to bear to accord appreciation of what is included."

When himself reviewing an anthology, Mr. Swinburne wrote ("Studies in Prose and Poetry"): "In all such volumes, a reader will usually find omissions to regret and insertions to surprise him. To take note of these is the best and sincerest tribute he can pay to the excellence of the general accomplishment, the fullest acknowledgment he can make to the high standard maintained and to the happy success achieved."

Remembering these words, I should like to suggest, for inclusion in future editions of "London's Lure," the memorable passage from Heine's "English Fragments," beginning: "Send, if you choose, a philosopher to London, but do not send a poet," as well as passages, descriptive of London, from Emerson's "English Traits" and from Moncure Conway's lecture: "London: Its Prose and Poetry." Le Gallienne's "Ballad of London," Francis Coutts's "London in Twilight," and Davidson's "Fleet Street Eclogues," are, I observe, not mentioned.

The most frequently quoted authors are, first, Dickens (nine extracts); second, Thackeray and John Gay (eight

* "London's Lure." Edited by Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

each); and third, Disraeli (six). John Gay seems to me to occupy an eminence somewhat out of proportion to his merits; and so, too, does Disraeli, especially in view of the fact that Tennyson (part of whose "Will Waterproof" might have been found suitable), Matthew Arnold (why not the sonnets "East London and West London"?), and W. E. Henley are entirely unrepresented. Personally I would willingly forgo Gay or Disraeli, to say nothing of Leigh Hunt, Tom Moore, and Henry Kirke White, all three of whom have a place, to make room for Tennyson, Arnold, and the author of "London Voluntaries."

I do not put forward these suggestions to detract from the merits of a volume which has been edited with extraordinary care, admirable judgment, and unerring literary taste, for I, too, am of those who reverence the "Spirit of Place," in whose honour Mr. and Mrs. Melville have brought together, and from afar, the stones with which they have built this little church, consecrated to the Spirit of London. My only reason for proposing in future editions the changes and additions I have indicated is because I hold that if, as is said, imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, honest criticism is surely the sincerest form of compliment.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.*

If every literary man had been able to live the easy, affluent, comfortable life that he has desired to live, it may be doubted whether literature would have been any the richer for it, and it is quite certain that literary biographies would then have been duller reading than they are. Poverty, the struggle against misfortunes, failure, or hard-won triumph are misery and anxiety enough for the man who has to endure them, but they make a moving, fascinating romance for other men to read about. Here are two new autobiographies of two authors, so utterly unlike in style, temperament, and circumstance that there is on excuse whatever for bracketing them together except that they chance to be published in the same month. "Owing to my usual good fortune, the anthology at once proved a success," writes Mr. Samuel Waddington, telling how he came to compile his excellent book of "English Sonnets by Living Writers." On the other hand, "I will preface this volume by saying that it is the work of the unluckiest scribbler—regarded merely as a scribbler—on which the all-beholding eye of day has ever looked," writes Mr. Henry Murray. "That is the one statement this book will contain to which I will suffer no challenge."

* "Chapters of my Life." By Samuel Waddington. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"A Stepson of Fortune." By Henry Murray. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Henry Murray.

Mr. Samuel Waddington.

There you have the keynotes of the two volumes. Mr. Waddington has lived the ideal literary life and tells a placid, pleasant, eminently satisfactory story of a quietly successful career. He shrank at first from editing that anthology when it was suggested to him because it "seemed to be somewhat derogatory, or work only fit to be performed by the literary 'hack,'" but a reminder that Palgrave and Archbishop Trench had edited anthologies brought his pride "tumbling to the ground," and when the collection appeared a thousand copies were promptly sold. That complacent touch of superiority and condescension in Mr. Waddington's manner is sometimes a little trying. "Longfellow's 'heart-stirring strains' are all of them such as even the labouring classes can read with enjoyment and understand," he remarks.

But these, after all, are trivial infelicities; there is much in the autobiography that is of real value. Coming fresh from Oxford Mr. Waddington secured a nomination to the Board of Trade, and had for his fellow-administrators there Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; he wrote for the magazines, published books and grew distinguished as a writer of graceful, scholarly poetry; he came to number among his friends and acquaintances men eminent in literature, science, art, politics, and gives some memorable glimpses of them in his pages. Perhaps the most attractive chapters are those dealing with his "Life in London," with "Excursions in Literature," and with his "Spiritual Wayfarings"; but the book throughout has its own peculiar charm. "It has never been my desire to sacrifice the pleasures of life," says Mr. Waddington, "for the sake of a larger income, or a more distinguished position in the world"; and it is restful in these days even to read the record of a man who has lived a life of such wise quietness.

You plunge at once into a very different, more turbulent atmosphere with "A Stepson of Fortune." If Mr. Waddington was born to inherit "the world's wine, honey and

corn," Mr. Murray was surely, like Hood's "Colchester native," born "to its vinegar only, and pepper." He paints a deplorable picture of his boyhood, and writes of his parents with a somewhat brutal candour. His mother he describes as "a born scold and tyrant," and his early home as "that Temple of Naggery and House of Children's Tears." Later, his judgments of his brother, Christie Murray, may be just, but they are hard and bitter, yet, however much these things may jar upon you, you arrive at a grudging admiration for the man who is not afraid to say out plainly and without paltering precisely what he thinks and what he believes. Whatever else Mr. Murray may lack, he is not lacking in courage, and you gather that if he has come through unusually tempestuous weather he not infrequently had a hand in the brewing of his own storms. Nevertheless, he gives you such instances of the sheer bad luck he had to face, as a novelist and a journalist, that you are constrained to acquiesce in his assertion that he is the unluckiest of scribblers to the extent of admitting that at least he is one of them. He has always hated journalism, but confesses that in this he has been unwise, for "there is no such school in the world for a youngster who desires to make the writing of fiction his profession as is offered by the daily work of journalism." He utters a pessimistic prophecy as to what will result from "another twenty years of uncontrolled exploitation of the Press on the lines followed by Lord Northcliffe," and mercilessly scarifies that very different pressman, "the amateur journalist."

Some of the most genial and enjoyable passages are those in which Mr. Murray tells of his friendship with Robert Buchanan; there are vivid little prose etchings of Meredith and others of his famous contemporaries, and a good many amusing anecdotes. It is not necessary to say to any one who has read Mr. Murray's novels and his brilliant critical articles that he writes with a true literary gift; this book of his is an intensely human document, everywhere vigorously alive with interest, and is at once an unflinching, unflattering self-revelation and a very realistic presentment of journalistic life in modern London.

TURKEY REFORMING HERSELF.*

If ever a book was published, like the conceits of Holofernes, "upon the mellowing of occasion," it is this volume in which Mr. Knight sets forth the growth of the Young Turk movement, the story of the revolution which restored to Turkey her constitution, the counter-revolution, and (so far as can be judged) the final victory of the reformers. Mr. Knight, we need scarcely remind our readers, is a man who has known Turkey and the surrounding peoples for many a long year, and he can speak with an authority which is possessed by few, if any, other writers. The Turkish situation, as recent events have clearly proved, is so little understood in this country that Mr. Knight has, we think, done well in explaining at length the aims and manners and personal characteristics of the people he describes.

To many who have classed all Turks together as "unspeakable" it may come as something of a surprise to find Mr. Knight declaring that the Turkish reformers are Western in their sympathies and culture and have repudiated Pan-Islamism; that, so far from being polygamous monsters, they are, in practice, monogamous in many cases; and that Turkish ladies are both well educated and respected, and have played no small part in recent happenings. Again, Mr. Knight points our very clearly that Islam is "essentially liberal and democratic," and that the revolution would certainly have failed had not the Sheikh-ul-Islam given the Young Turk movement the sanction of the faith. It may not, Mr. Knight says, be generally known that—

* "The Awakening of Turkey." By E. F. Knight. 10s. 6d. net. (John Milne.)

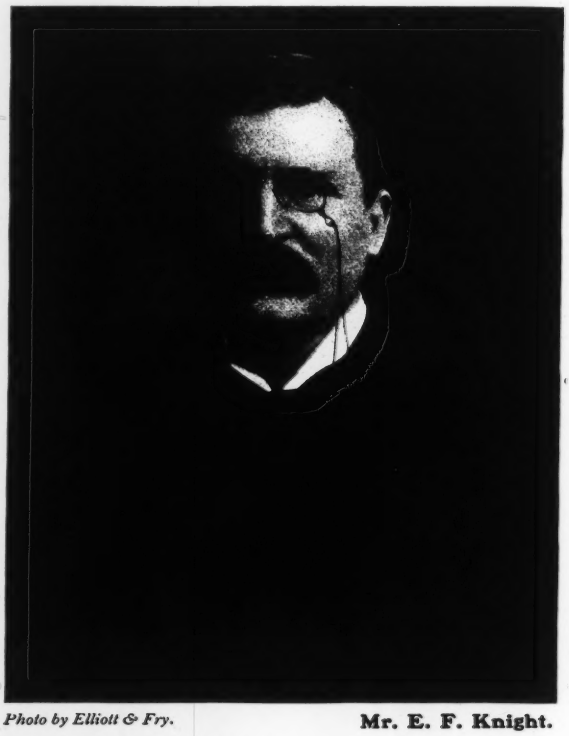


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. F. Knight.**

"the theological arguments which convinced the Sheikh-ul-Islam that this was the right attitude to take were drawn up for him by a faithful subject of Edward VII., Ameer Ali, ex-judge of the High Court in India, and a learned exponent of Moslem thought and tradition."

Having, then, first cleared the ground of many popular misconceptions, Mr. Knight goes on to trace the rise of the Young Turkey party, the genesis of which he ascribes to the reactionary policy of Abd-ul-Aziz some forty years ago. We see the difficulties under which the reformers continually laboured until at last in 1906 their efforts crystallised into an effective secret society, the headquarters of which were in Salonica. It had been calculated by the Young Turks that the time would not be ripe for their great *coup* until the autumn of 1909, but the knowledge that the British Government had decided to withdraw from that "Concert of Europe" which had failed so completely to deal with the question of reforms in Macedonia, and the meeting of King Edward and the Tsar at Reval, hastened on the crisis. The standard of revolt was raised at Resna by Niazi Bey, who thus forestalled that projected further foreign interference which was so galling to the pride of all true patriotic Turkish reformers. The story of this revolution as told by a man with all Mr. Knight's sources of information is truly fascinating, and when we have read his account we can appreciate the comparison which he institutes between the triumph of the Turkish reformers and our own revolution of 1688. We heartily recommend Mr. Knight's book to everybody who is anxious to understand one of the most remarkable political phenomena recorded in history.

LAW AND LITERATURE.*

The legal tree has but two branches; the solicitor is on the lower one, where the attorney used to be aforetime, and Mr. E. B. V. Christian has set himself to write a history of the achievements of the attorney in life and letters. One delightfully humorous chapter he devotes to a rehabilitation of the characters of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg,

* "Leaves of the Lower Branch." By E. B. V. Christian. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Pickwick's old enemies; in others he discusses "The Novels of the Law" and "The Attorney in the Poets." Three very interesting chapters are monopolised by "The Attorney as Man of Letters," and that on "The Attorney as Butt" retells the too-little-known truth about that much maligned critic, one of the most capable of Shakespeare's commentators, Lewis Theobald. Everybody knows how mercilessly he was pilloried by Pope, with what contempt he was dismissed by Dr. Johnson and many another, but only since Professor Churton Collins and Professor Lounsbury have raked into the facts and had the courage to vindicate him are we beginning to realise that so far from being the mere dull-witted fool that Pope and the rest of them made him out to be, he was one of the acutest, most learned, and most conscientious of critics and editors. He was a better critic than Pope, and a better man, and retorts upon his waspish little libeller thus, with a certain dignity: "The indignation perhaps for being represented as a blockhead may be as strong in us as it is in the ladies for a reflection on their beauties. It is certain I am indebted to him for some flagrant civilities; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavour of quitting scores; with this exception, however, that I will not return these civilities in his peculiar strain, but confine myself to the limits of common decency. I shall ever think it better to want art than to want humanity."

From which you will gather that the book has its serious side, but it is all written with an ease and humour and lightness of touch that make uncommonly entertaining reading without detracting anything from its merits as an exhaustive compendium of what has been done in literature by attorneys, and what has been done with attorneys in literature. The illustrations from old prints and engravings add appreciably to the interest of a volume in which we have found unqualified enjoyment.

Generous Pugnacity.
From "Leaves of the Lower Branch," by E. B. V. Christian. (Smith, Elder.)

MARION CRAWFORD'S LAST NOVEL.*

As one turns the final page of Marion Crawford's last novel, one is so much impressed with the moving drama of the narrative and the charming manner in which it is unfolded that any academic attempt to "place" the departed writer in the hierarchy of novelists seems quite out of the question. We accept the graceful gift with gladness—a gladness touched with melancholy because it is the last that we shall receive from that generous source. "The White Sister" makes a fitting close to Mr. Crawford's sequence of Italian romances, and is closely related in style and setting to the "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" volumes. In fact, so close is the connection, that one of the Saracinesca family, a finely drawn prelate of the Roman Church, figures prominently in the present romance.

It is with the love-story of Angela Chiaromonte that "The White Sister" mainly deals. An American artist of genius has painted the beautiful girl's portrait, and has unwittingly given to the face a nun-like character and posed it against an ecclesiastical background. These cloistral effects are intended to prefigure Angela's future, for when her supposed father, the Prince Chiaromonte, dies, her vindictive, vixenish aunt casts her penniless on to the world with the advice "to get to a nunnery." The notion is preposterous, seeing that the girl is deeply in love with a handsome young officer, Giovanni Severi. But at the moment he cannot assume the rôle of protector, for his father has just lost all his wealth, while Giovanni's rank in the army is low, and his payment correspondingly small. He must leave the army, he tells the girl, and take up engineering, for that way lies the chance of making a competence more speedily. But Angela dissuades him from this course, and extracts a promise from him to wait a month before deciding upon resignation. Unfortunately, the delay is fatal to his hopes, for before the month has passed Giovanni is selected as second in command of a dangerous expedition in Africa. So overpowering is his love, he declares that he will not leave Italy, but Angela appeals to his patriotism and honour, and the ardent wooer departs for the wars. A few weeks later she receives the agonising news that the expeditionary force has been annihilated to a man.

For a time the blow stuns her, but at length her soul reawakens, inspired by a great, heroic purpose. For the sake of Giovanni, she will devote herself to works of charity and mercy, and so all that the great artist, with the penetrating eye of genius, perceived in her character springs suddenly to the surface, and she enters the gates of the Convent of the White Sisters of Santa Giovanna d'Aza. Mr. Crawford describes the life led by these devoted women with sympathetic insight, and shows how Angela became one of the most tireless and devoted members of the order, working first as a lay nurse and finally, after much heartsearching, taking the veil that shuts a woman away for ever from a man's love. Passing triumphantly through many stages of self-denial, she in due time professes herself ready for the supreme act of self-sacrifice. She will go out to almost certain death as a nurse to the lepers in the Far East. But before she can translate this sublime resolve into action, dim rumours reach the convent that Giovanni Severi is still alive, and soon Angela finds herself face to face with the man whom she loves as fondly as ever.

Having created so strong a situation, it is easy for such an acute psychologist and practised craftsman as Mr. Marion Crawford to charge the last hundred pages of his book with tense dramatic incident. On the one hand, we have the ardent soldier, frankly agnostic in his attitude towards religion, owning no god but his own honour, feverishly eager to possess the woman of whom the perverse fates have robbed him, and urging her to renounce the vows which she has made in

* "The White Sister." By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

ignorance; on the other, there is Angela, trying to quench the love that is burning within her, and believing that no one, not even the Pope himself, is able to release her from the bonds which she has imposed upon herself. With Angela it is a struggle between the devotee and the woman, and in the end the victory—thanks partly to chance and partly to the timely intervention of a tolerant, broad-minded Churchman—goes to the woman.

This last book of a writer whose untimely death we all so much deplore has the characteristic merits of its predecessors. It is full of epigrammatic observations, delicate humour, and scraps of quaint learning, and though the central character-study is that of a nun, Mr. Crawford writes with no theological bias. In Angela Chiaromonte he has left us a portrait worthy to figure in the same gallery as that of the superb Donna Corona.

F. J. C.

NIETZSCHE.*

Everybody who has not read Nietzsche's work knows that he was very wicked, a piece of knowledge that might even survive this admirable account of his austere and beautiful life. But they also know that he was punished by madness as other offenders were punished by hemlock and cross. Justice is satisfied, and since we know that only the good can prevail, we may begin to handle the abomination with security. Even if it were not harmless we are so used to poisons that one more will not affect the mixture which we drain so devoutly, though without growing perceptibly happier or wiser or more amusing. Let us enjoy him disinterestedly, knowing that our souls are safe. Let as take a dilettante's joy in him. He is worthy of it. For there are few spirits of a more godlike fury and colour than Nietzsche, and the godlike spirits are made for men, not men for the godlike, as he insolently thought. We shall disagree with him, but we need not be angry, since we are certain that we shall conquer, and that he, like other great men, will only be great when he is popularised and our grandchildren pillory men for denying him. He will colour and change us, but we need not fear; we shall remain the immovable multitude through all vicissitudes and have the power which made him so angry of letting the dead bury the living. Let us keep the eagle in our palace court and watch his imperial ways, though the supreme beauty of flight cannot be granted to him. Perhaps it will make our claim that he is not dangerous more convincing if we point out that he is a poet and prove it by a few delectable quotations. For we in England have a special knowledge of the harmlessness of poets. At the University of Leipzig, where he went in 1865 (born 1844), they recognised that he was "as much an artist as a scholar," and only a poet could have combined in a living unity his profound knowledge of philosophy, history, philology, the arts and life.

At the root of his criticism of his age was the poetic conviction that it was too busy informing itself, that it was too historical. In the early "Thoughts out of Season" he draws a terrible picture of the modern man benightmared by historical and scientific facts. "No generation," he says, "has seen such a panoramic comedy as is shown by the 'science of universal evolution,' history; that shows it with the dangerous audacity of its motto—'Fiat veritas, pereat vita.'" Too often "we stop at knowing the good without doing it, because we also know the better but cannot do it." Yet, "one who cannot leave himself behind on the threshold of the moment and forget the past, who cannot stand on a single point, like a goddess of victory, without fear or giddiness, will never know what happiness is"—nor wisdom, nor beauty. In contrast he sets up the Greeks, an utterly unhistoric people, knowing no tongue but their own; and not only the Greek, but every man who achieves a great thought or act he calls "unhistorical," because in the power and glory of the creative moment he forgets all that he knows, just as a beautiful living thing forgets all that makes it so in a beautiful attitude or gesture. "His life," says this thinker about life—"his life is the fairest who thinks least about life." In his indignation against unripe knowledge he dares to call an idea at once fatal and true, and to say that "the virtuous man will always rise against the blind force of facts, the tyranny of the actual, and submit himself to laws that are not the fickle laws of history." We cannot grasp the whole; let us carve out a portion and glorify it by our love. Could any but a poet think so unprofitably? And it is not only as a young man that he can say that "the culture of a people as against this barbarism can be described with justice as the 'unity of artistic style in every outward expression of the people's life.'" In the much later "Ideas of Good and Evil" he compares the intuition of the artists with the grunting and sweating of the philosophers, by whom "thinking is regarded as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as 'worthy of the *sweat* of the noble'—but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance," and as in "The Birth of Tragedy" he speaks of "an artist thought and artist afterthought behind all occurrences—a 'God' if you will, but certainly only an altogether thoughtless and immoral artist-God," so in "Thoughts Out of Season" he says that in the opera at Bayreuth "we see the struggle of individuals against everything which seems to oppose them with invincible necessity, with power, law, tradition, conduct, and the whole order of things established." His conception of the inseparableness of Art and Nature makes him put into Wagner's mouth the words which end: "Nature is much richer, more powerful, more blessed and more terrible below the surface; ye cannot divine this from the way in which ye live. O that ye yourselves could learn to become natural again." He is a Greek, but what a romantic Greek it is that says of the profound German music that it "fades and pales and dies away, at the sight of the blue wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky." His love of the elemental and the youthful is so strong that although, as is well known, he has often spoken as if life would have accomplished its destiny if it were in the way to produce a few noble spirits, true, beautiful, and strong, and though no man has spoken more contemptuously of the multitude, he will have nothing to do with the luxurious "friend of art," *i.e.* the friend of delicate things in an ivory tower, and he would side against such a one with the people who have the elemental merit of "thinking least about life," and the common people who cannot be called "machines for thinking, writing, and speaking." They would not be unwilling to hear one who cries out that "A thing can only live through a pious illusion. For man is creative only through love and in the shadow of love's illusions, only through the unconditional belief in perfection and righteousness." And it is curious to note how this exquisitely sensitive poet and man of culture, greatly desiring beauty, nobility, freshness, and "heady virtues," turns to those who are not "tame house animals, like our cultured people of to-day," and how he sees something after his own heart in the great histories of the Old Testament, where men thought in actions and there is none of the muddy atmosphere that disgusted him in modernity. Unless we of the middle classes take him into our tender bosoms and charming parlours and stifle him there, it will perhaps be not with the aristocracy so-called which is dead or dying, but with the brutal unspoilt multitude that his hope of life or resurrection will lie.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Nietzsche: His Life and Work." By M. A. Mügge. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Thoughts Out of Season." Translated by A. M. Ludovici and Adrian Collins. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each. "The Birth of Tragedy." Translated by William A. Haussmann. 2s. 6d. net. "Beyond Good and Evil." Translated by Helen Zimmern. 3s. 6d. net. (Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis.)

Frontispiece of Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Novel, "Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode."

"MARRIAGE À LA MODE."*

Daphne is not one of the most charming, but she is certainly one of the most vitally and vividly human women Mrs. Humphry Ward has fashioned in any of her books. She is an essentially American girl of the most independent, up-to-date type, and Roger Barnes, a typical, decent, sensibly conventional Briton, meets her and loves her. He could not but realise that she was "imperious, difficult, incalculable," and even in the early days of their acquaintance "the Northern character in him, with its reserve, its phlegm, its general sanity, began to shrink from the Southern elements in her. He became aware of the depths in her nature, of things volcanic and primitive, and the English stuff in him recoiled." He came of a good but somewhat impoverished family; she was a millionairess, though he did not know this until after he had made up his mind he was in love with her. He "divined in front of him a future of tyranny on her side, of expected submission on his"—Daphne would have "bought him with her dollars, and he would have to pay the price."

You feel at the outset that marriage between these two cannot possibly end in anything but disaster. It leads to a little happiness and much misery; to a stubborn conflict of wills, to some folly on Roger's part, and a deal of intolerance and small tyranny on Daphne's. The tie chafes them both; he loves her still but she believes she has ceased to love him; as she says later, "we think in America that a marriage which has become a burden to either party is no marriage, and ought to cease," and she takes advantage of the iniquitously easy-going American divorce laws to free herself from him. The demoralising effect of this harsh separation upon her as well as upon him is traced with remarkable insight and power. The last scene in which, in spite of her aggressive belief in woman's freedom and independence, Daphne's pride breaks down and she humbles herself only to find that she has gone her own way and there is no way back, is one of the most poignantly dramatic things in modern fiction.

The book resolves itself into an outspoken and passionate indictment of the American divorce laws and an exposition of the material and spiritual ruin that too frequently results from their operations. But the story in itself is a good and a thoroughly interesting one, quite apart from the purpose of it—well shaped, and admirably written, with the skill in characterisation and all the depth of feeling and narrative gift that, from the time her first book appeared, made Mrs. Humphry Ward one of our most popular novelists and have kept her so.

* "Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Cassell.)

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

When people say, as some people do, that criticism is useless, they really mean no more than that some of it is, or that none of it is useful to everybody; and they might as truthfully say the same of the books that are criticised. The only kind of criticism that can safely and emphatically be said to be of no possible service to any one is that in which the critic is not so much bent upon expressing a thoughtful and honest opinion, as upon exhibiting his own cleverness. "Every critic," as Sir Leslie Stephen says here, in his essay on "Dr. Johnson's Writings," "is in effect criticising himself as well as his author; and I confess that to my mind an obviously sincere record of impressions, however one-sided they may be, is infinitely refreshing, as revealing at least the honesty of the writer. The ordinary run of criticism generally implies nothing but the extreme desire of the author to show that he is open to the very last new literary fashion. I should welcome a good assault upon Shakespeare which was not prompted by a love of singularity; and there are half a dozen popular idols—I have not the courage to name them—a genuine attack upon whom I could witness with entire equanimity, not to say some complacency." Returning to this topic in another essay, that on "The First Edinburgh Reviewers," he says: "The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The next test of his merit is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public; and, finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a useful advocate."

The great value of Stephen's criticisms is their downright honesty; there is no pose and no pretence about them; they are perfectly sincere records of the opinions and impressions of a man of culture and shrewdness who could think for himself and was never afraid to say what he thought. He owns bluntly that he finds Johnson's "Rambler" unreadable; he is, perhaps, a little unimaginative in his treatment of Shelley; you may agree with much and dissent from much that he writes of Massinger, Hazlitt, Defoe, Macaulay, and many another, but you find him generally helpful, suggestive, stimulating, and, because of his independence and outspokenness, always interesting. Again and again he praises an author for his good commonsense, or condemns his lack of it, and it is this same wholesome virtue that informs his own judgments—you may sometimes think them wrong, but you never think them foolishly wrong, or other than sagacious, well-considered, eminently sane.

* "Hours in a Library." By Leslie Stephen. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

How many years is it since we first revelled in the "Hours in a Library"? We sat down to dip into the essays again, and have been lured on and on from one to the next, and have found them as fresh, as alive and full of interest as when we read them years ago. It was high time to issue them in a cheaper edition, and it is characteristic of the publishers who do so that nobody seeing these three well-printed attractively bound volumes could know that this was a cheap edition, except by the price that is marked on the wrappers.

THE ROMANCE OF FURS.*

Great was the venture; greater were the results thereof, and greatly has Miss Laut sought to do her work in fitting spirit and manner. Indeed, her presentment is, in a certain sense, too great. She has caught every scrap of the enthusiasm of her huge subject, less a sufficiency of the power that lies in a style the strength of which is quietude. Some subjects are too enormous in their mere bulk, some are too majestic and sublime, others are too important in their relation to life, and a few—little-greats of here and hereafter—are too impressive to be put forward in what Brother Jonathan would term a "live" style. This, and this only, is where Miss Laut has erred—if we except such feminine slips as mixed tenses, and such exaggerations as saying that Americans (as the word is now understood) claimed "Oregon down as far as the Spanish settlements," in the seventeenth century; that the first H.B.C. adventurers were "gay gentlemen," and that they "took toll of the wilderness in cargoes of precious furs outvaluing all the taxes ever collected by a conqueror"; or that Hudson and his men undertook "a venture that has baffled every great navigator since time began." But when we bear in mind all the ramifications of such a history as that of the H.B.C., we are strongly tempted to say that it is a subject on which hardly any unaided feminine pen could do itself justice. Here there are points which, though in other phases of life they would need more heart than head for their adequate rendering, needed the greater stability (I say it in fear and trembling) of a masculine mind.

However, let Miss Laut speak for herself. This is at the opening of her first volume; the subject-matter of the moment is Hudson's desire for over-ocean discovery, and she says, in some of her very best English:

> "It was a demon, driving him in spite of himself. It was a siren whom he could not resist, luring him on to wreck, which he knew [we have no evidence of this] was certain. It was a belief in something which reason couldn't prove but time has justified. It was like a scent taken up by a hound on a strange trail. He could not know where it would lead, but because of Something in him and Something on the Trail, he was compelled to follow. Like the discoverer in science, he could not wait till his faith was gilt-edged with profit before risking his all on the venture. Call it demon or destiny! At its voice he rose from his place and followed to his death."

Whilst we admire Miss Laut's verve, her enthusiasm and her lyrical sort of swing; whilst we bow to her disregard of the elegancies and often the necessities of our written mother-tongue, we cannot agree that this is a logical deduction of Henry Hudson and that which drew him away to his death. Yet we can heartily agree with and commend her comparatively brief summary of Hudson's four voyages, which Miss Laut has condensed into four short chapters. It was on the second of those voyages that the unperceived beginnings of the H.B.C. were laid, when Hudson discovered the river which now bears his name. Some of the more lawless members of his crew were ashore, where they drove Indians out of their wigwams, shot them and took their furs aboard—there to fight over dividing the spoil, never dreaming that those few armfuls of furs would be so instrumental in bringing into existence one of the greatest trading ventures that the world has known; one that, while practically giving us as much territory as John Company did in so largely gaining India for us, has far out-lived its early contemporary.

During the time that Hudson was trying to find his way through that imagined North-West Passage to the "South Sea" of those days, in dire privations, failure and death, the Dutch merchant-princes were fitting out vessels to make the best of Hudson's fur discoveries on the nearer coast of North America. Then came Radisson, the intrepid young French fur-gatherer, with his more elderly companion at the same game of barter, and their wondrous stories of untold furs which were to be had from the Indians in the northern part of the great continent. It was they who brought into being the "Gentleman Adventurers," who sent to Hudson's Bay two craft, one of which came back so loaded with skins that Radisson there and then originated the H.B.C. How unusual prosperity attended the Company's doings as the years went by, adding, season by season, hundreds then thousands of miles of newly found and indifferently explored country, tribes of animal-trappers and cargoes of pelts to their transactions, are all told in Miss Laut's lively manner. Then the coming of the opposing adventurers, "The Nor'-Westers"; the struggles between the two Companies, ending in their becoming one; their spreading over the greater half of the American continent, and much that has gone to make the H.B.C. what it has been in every way—it is all here; and we are thankful to have it in this "live" and compact form, which is considerably enhanced by maps and reproductions of old pictures.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "The Conquest of the Great North-West: Being the Story of the Adventurers of England known as the Hudson's Bay Company. New Pages in the History of the Canadian North-West and Western States." By Agnes C. Laut. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE BANCROFTS AND THEIR FRIENDS.*

Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft occupy a somewhat exceptional place in the story of the theatre in England, as much by reason of the multitude of their friendships with men and women of note in the arts and letters as by their services to the English dramatic revival of the last century. Actors and actresses, as a rule, be they never so famous and gifted, are limited in their personal attachments mainly to the members of their own profession. The Bancrofts, on the contrary, have had, and still retain, a far larger circle of intimate acquaintances among distinguished figures in literature, science, law, and society than among the wearers of grease-paint and buskin. How they found the art of acting in England (not to speak of the general level of the plays produced at the London theatres) at its lowest ebb, and how they introduced a new spirit of high and uniform merit into the companies engaged, and with the comedies of Robertson inaugurated a new era of natural simple drama to our theatres, are facts long since familiar to the intelligent public. The tale has been told and retold many times; but it bears retelling once more.

The chief interest of "The Bancrofts"—which is a development of "On and Off the Stage," published in the 'eighties, soon after its authors had retired from their significant and fortunate management—lies to-day for all but the very young playgoer not so much in the necessarily somewhat egotistic record of the managerial and acting successes of the picturesque actor-knight and his talented wife, but in their agreeable gossip of the many brilliant and entertaining people they have met on more or less friendly terms. Its form is curious: it consists of alternate layers, so to speak, of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft: to borrow

* "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. With Portraits and Illustrations. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

their own description, which they had borrowed already from Sir Conan Doyle, it is "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus." Truly "the listener (or reader) cares but little which of the two voices" is to the fore at the moment, the greater part of the volume being as pleasant a budget of interesting tattle as we have read in many days.

Naturally, Henry James Byron and T. W. Robertson figure frequently as well as favourably in these pages: for Byron, who "was a lineal descendant of the illustrious poet's family, as reference to Burke will show," was not only the writer of plays staged by Lady Bancroft when she was yet Miss Marie Wilton, but was joint manager with her of the old theatre in Charlotte Street, W.C., on whose site the Scala now stands; whilst Tom Robertson laid the foundation of the Bancroft wealth, at the same time raising himself from poverty by the series of pieces which he wrote for them. The Bancroft capital was originally a loan of £1,000—when the theatre actually opened it was £150 only—and Byron and Miss Wilton were to draw a salary of £10 per week each: the rent was £20 per week and the house could have been bought outright for £10,000, less than the annual rent to-day of any of the leading West End houses.

Some of the sayings of Byron (whose output of plays numbered about a hundred) during the partnership were quaint. For example, he suggested that a certain actor with a very long neck should not wear turn-down collars because "any neck after eight inches becomes monotonous"! It was Byron who, when asked why the stage carpenters were making such a noise with a saw during the production of one of his plays, replied, "I *think* they must be cutting out the last act."

When he met the Bancrofts and offered them "Society," which—like that other epoch-making play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—had been refused by almost every

Marie Bancroft.
From a drawing by Beatrice Ward.
From "The Bancrofts." (John Murray.)

Squire Bancroft.
(Caricature by "Sem.")
From "The Bancrofts." (John Murray.)

London manager before it was seen by the public, Robertson was in deepest want. "I often dined on my pipe," he said. Then came five years of prosperity, although the American pirate robbed the dramatist shamefully, and the commencement of a revolution in English drama; and then death.

Dickens was an early admirer of the art of Lady Bancroft, and Ruskin was an appreciative patron, as was Browning. Ruskin wrote, in a letter here reproduced, that he got "more help" in his "own kind of work from a good play than from any other kind of thoughtful rest." Browning was "for years among our most honoured guests." When first he dined with the Bancrofts, his host anticipated Browning's taste in wines by placing before him a bottle of good old port; and the poet repaid the compliment with a capital story of how Longfellow when out with Browning in a hansom cab insisted on passing his umbrella through the hole at the top, for the use of the driver during a heavy shower. Apparently our authors did not know Thackeray, but being anxious to put "Vanity Fair" upon the stage, they commissioned three different playwrights to dramatise it without obtaining a satisfactory version. Charles Reade opposed strongly some suggested amendments of "Masks and Faces," which he and Tom Taylor had written from "Peg Woffington"; then wept at rehearsal and let the Bancrofts have their own way. It was the last piece Reade ever saw in a theatre; and Gladstone among others praised it. Wilkie Collins, when his play "Man and Wife" was produced, passed the evening in a dressing-room "in a state of nervous terror painful to see": he became subsequently a confirmed opium-taker, his nightly dose at the last being "enough to kill several men."

Here are pen-pictures indeed of an astonishing variety of personages, ranging from "Hang-Theology" Rogers and Lord Russell of Killowen on the one hand, to Henry Labouchere and Whistler on the other. Not least amazing in their piquancy are those of the editor of *Truth* seated *incog.* at a foreign restaurant between two clergymen and delighting them with his characteristic anecdotes, or arbitrating, with the worldly wisdom of a modern Solomon, on the claims of High and Low Church services to the attention of an English tourist. It would be difficult to name half a score of celebrated Englishmen of the past half-century who are not mentioned briefly or at some length in this very readable book. W. F. P.

Novel Notes.

THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND. By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. 6s. (Duckworth.)

The hero of Mrs. Garnett's remarkable novel is not the Sir John Friend who was hanged for a traitor in the reign of William III. It is true he shares the fate of his namesake, plying his trade of spy a century later, but the old

Jacobite knight was vastly inferior to this "Infamous" in the book before us. It is really a wonderful study of character Mrs. Garnett has made, and while the story drags a little perhaps in its earlier chapters, it rises to heights of real power at the end, and the trial and condemnation of John Friend are a great piece of work. John Friend and his wife are the only people that matter; Susan Marny and William North, and the rest, are useful as "supers," but the reader won't care a button for their love-making; and even Susan's ill-usage at the hands of Corinthian fashionables and North's narrow escapes from murder leave us unmoved. But Mrs. Friend, the wife of the infamous spy, hating even to death the secret business of her husband, and yet loving him with a strength and passion invincible, her life chastened and disciplined by illness and meditation on the Divine will, holds us all the time. Through love she has grasped the meaning of life, and her broad common sense is as conspicuous as her charity of soul and justice of mind. It can hardly be said that John Friend is less interesting than his wife—of a truth, the two are rightly mated. Friend—the double spy—without sense of patriotism, honour, or honesty in public affairs, betraying Pitt's secrets to Napoleon without compunction, is yet a man of natural human sympathies and of simple kindly relations with his fellows, no man of blood or debauchery. In an age of general profligacy and brutality (for so was England in the beginning of the nineteenth century), Friend is the devoted and faithful lover of his wife, the affectionate "daddy" to the orphan Susan, and the genial patron of young North. When the end has come, and the gallows loom ahead, Friend retains his courage and imperturbable good humour all through the trial and the last days at Newgate, doing what service he can to the turnkeys, and he dies the felon's death as an honest man should. Rare and deep observation are in this story of "Infamous John Friend."

Photo by H. H. Hay Cameron.

Mrs. R. S. Garnett.

FAITH. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Nearly a score of miscellaneous sketches are pieced together to make this volume what it is, a thing better than any novel. One's pride in English letters is re-awakened by the consideration of such work as Mr. Cunninghame Graham's, with its insistent notes of quiet distinction and grace, its delicate yet finely pointed irony, reminiscent in a sense of Anatole France, its under-current of a subtle melancholy. "To record emotions," as runs the preface, most admirable feature of the book, "is to store up a fund of sadness, and that is why all writing is a sort of icehouse of the mind, in which that which was once a warm and living action, a feeling, scene, experience, joy, or sorrow, is now preserved, as it were, frozen, stiff, deprived of actuality, and a mere chopping-block on which fools exercise their wits." So rare and delicate a spirit as is here laid bare is little likely to encounter amid the scenes of a crude and material Western civilisation the finer notes of incident or personality to which it is attuned, and it is thus that nearly all the sketches in this book are of life in North Africa, life in the sunny, sleepy cities of old Italy and Spain, or on the pampas of Spanish South America. The exception, "In Christmas Week," a finely wrought impression, though a bitter one, of London winter, does but bear this out. There are the blackened muddy snow, the cold and pinched humanity, the newspaper boys with raucous voices, "harsh by all the gin their parents had imbibed," crying their unsavoury wares. "So dull and strenuous, indeed, was the life, that it appeared impossible in other lands the sun was shining, and that the brown-faced men and merry black-haired women had time to love and be loved."

CECILIA KIRKHAM'S SON. By Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In the background of this romance, through the greater part of it, waits the lonely, patient figure of the self-sacrificing mother whose only son seems to have inherited his ne'er-do-weel father's careless habit of accepting her love as a matter of course and giving her nothing in return. In the foreground, the son, Charles, an officer in the army, moves through a series of exciting adventures in India, through perils of sedition among the natives, and the more imminent danger of death at the vengeful hands of a Rajah who had been unpardonably wronged by his dead father, and whilst these shadows are thickest about him he loves and wins the love of Helen Estcourt and makes himself a new and deadlier enemy in the shape of a disappointed rival. The story has at least half a dozen different threads of interest, but the two that draw you most strongly are the tale of Charles's chequered but charming love affair and the narrative of how he came to realise that he was neglecting his mother and that she, gladly stinting herself that he might pursue his career in comfort, was secretly breaking her heart over his apparent indifference to her, and realising this, exerted himself, when it was almost too late, to make atonement. Mrs. Combe writes vividly, with imagination and with feeling, and has given us in "Cecilia Kirkham's Son" a capable and very attractive novel.

HOLBORN HILL. By Christian Tearle. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

There is a vast amount of topographical information in this "Story of Nelson's Day," and that is only as it should be, since Holborn Hill at the close of the eighteenth century is the scene of the play. Our author takes us from old Gray's Inn Lane to Highgate, shows us the course of the old Fleet River, lifts the curtain for a hurried glance at the criminal quarter in Field Lane by Smithfield, gives us Ely Place and Bartlett's Buildings for family residences, and is not above reference to Battle Bridge and Kentish Town. From Holborn we pass at times to Reculver in Kent,

where Captain Ashe (retired), an old messmate of Collingwood's, lives in general and well-deserved respect. Captain Ashe's daughter is married to Mr. Rexworthy, a deplorable person in a Government office in Whitehall—a religious maniac whose manners cause general distress. But Rexworthy's father is a knight and a city merchant, and an excellent old gentleman. Dr. Brenckley is another old gentleman—even more excellent; indeed everybody is of a good character except Mr. Rexworthy—and he, fortunately, dies of spotted fever. Rexworthy's son takes after his grandfather, Captain Ashe, and goes to sea, after falling in love with Deborah, Dr. Brenckley's adopted child. We don't get very much of the sea in "Holborn Hill," but the lover of eighteenth-century sea songs will find ample entertainment, for the songs are printed at length. Dr. Johnson and Boswell hover in the background, Burke, Fielding, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the poet-laureate, Pye, all get honourable mention. Old London street cries echo in the streets. It was a rough place, the London of a century ago, and the times were brutal. But "Holborn Hill" knows nothing of this roughness and brutality, no hint of violence disturbs its even pages.

THE TRICKSTER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The ingredients of Mr. Burgin's latest book are well tried and familiar. Lady Selina Archdayne is in love with a man who, from honourable motives, will not speak until she has seen more of the world. Discontented and unhappy, she falls an easy prey to the machinations of John Castleton, the trickster of the title, and marries him. Naturally enough, she soon finds that she has put herself into a worse position than ever. The marriage is not a success and neither party is happy, though Castleton has achieved the object of his desires. The one redeeming point of that gentleman's character is his affection for his little daughter, an affection which is the cause of his undoing. None of Mr. Burgin's characters are particularly amiable, but he is successful with the figures of Miss Castleton and her servant Gasket, who supply the light relief to a good melodramatic story.

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Murray.)

We have never before come across a book of this kind, but we shall hope to do so in the future. "Much Ado about Something" is a fairy novel. It is not a children's story, in spite of the fact that the author displays gifts of imagination and description that would at once endear him to children; it is a very serious book indeed. Mr. Lawrence clearly feels that he has a message to deliver—a message to the people of London in particular. Even if one does not agree with every one of the changes which the author would like to introduce, one can feel nothing but admiration for a book inspired by such a purpose. It would be well indeed if London and the world generally could be changed in accordance with Mr. Lawrence's wishes. But his fairies went the right way about the matter—they changed men's natures. No amount of material alteration can make much difference until men are educated up to the point of view of the author of this very remarkable book. "Much Ado about Something" is the story of the revolt of June against her ruler Oberon. She is resolved to convert London to the fairies, a thing which Oberon says is utterly impossible. But June, who is assisted by her gnome-friend Bim, succeeds, and at the end of a year London is a very different place. How different, and how June succeeded, we leave our readers to discover for themselves. All who love daintiness and charm, who appreciate a delightful literary style, who occasionally think about people other than those in their own particular "set," should read this book. Would that it could come true!

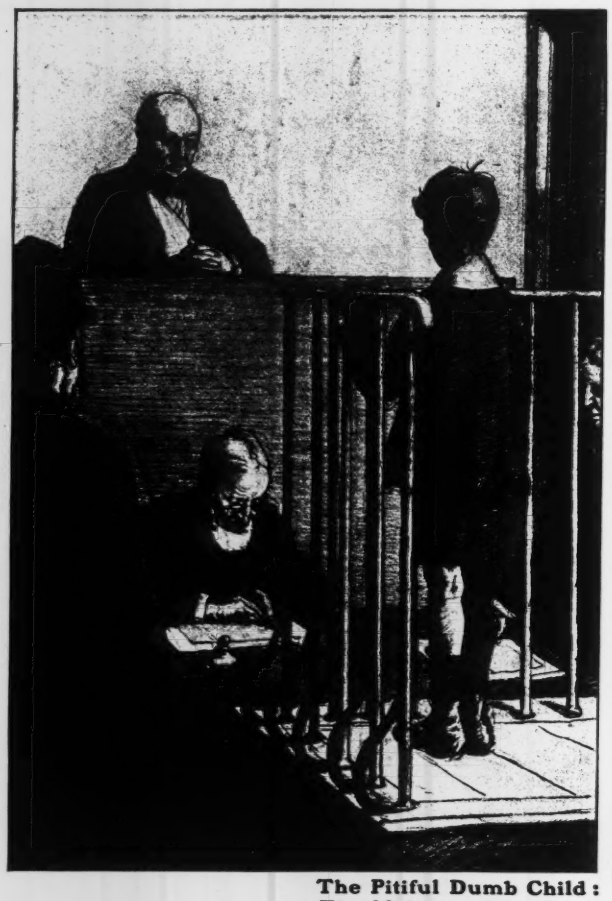
A snapshot by Henry P. Baerlein. **Mr. C. E. Lawrence,** with Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, editor of the successful "Wisdom of the East" Series, and Mr. A. W. Evans, associate-editor of the *Nation*.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING. By Cosmo Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

One gathers from the dedication that this story has been dramatised, and has been, or is about to be, put upon the stage. This is well, for it displays the requisite quality of movement, if little else. Little else, that is, as a story, for the exaggerations of its sentimentality and rather crude humour will call for but little emphasis in the dramatisation. In brief, Edward Chard, a factory owner, returns from abroad to find his men on strike. Strong with the strength of a clever man confident that he is in the right, he refuses to accede to any of the expressed demands of his men, who have been fired to rebellion by the bitter eloquence of Hemstead, a Socialist orator, father-in-law of Amos Tapper, a faithful old clerk of Chard's, whose business it is to supply the comic relief. Anxious to know more of the real lives of his men, Chard masquerades as a clerk in his own offices, and visits Tapper, who is in the secret, nightly at his own house. He discusses the situation with Hemstead, and falls in love with a board-school mistress, Miss Heron. She denounces Chard, who, masquerading as Drake, proposes and is accepted. Hemstead discovers the secret, and Miss Heron sends Chard about his business. He, moved to pity of his workers' sufferings by the eloquence of the school-mistress, gives everything they ask for. Miss Heron "eats her words," and the curtain is rung down on the obvious finale.

OUR ADVERSARY. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

We had great hopes that Eugene Swann would turn out to be a much more desperate fellow—that, in fact, he would be "our adversary." To our regret, he is only an ordinary and rather hackneyed type of impostor. This makes the title rather meaningless, but obviously the book had to be called something; and it seems to us a stroke of genius to have evolved a title at once so striking and so attractive. But for the disappointment over Eugene Swann, we enjoyed "Our Adversary." It is wonderful that Miss Braddon, whose earlier books thrilled another generation, should still be writing—and writing so well. Her powers of plot construction and her neat character-drawing must surely be envied by many modern writers of fiction. We do not consider this book the author's best work (it needs a good deal of compression), but it is very readable and it has much distinction. We recommend it to those who like—and who does not?—a slightly sensational plot allied to a thoroughly good literary style.



The Pitiful Dumb Child: The Majesty of the Law.
From "These Little Ones," by E. Nisbet. (G. Allen & Sons.)

THESE LITTLE ONES. By E. Nesbit. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)

Mrs. Nesbit, who is probably the best-known "juvenile" writer of the day, has quite recently published two novels, neither for nor about children; and she now follows her novels with the book at present before us, which is about children, but not for them. It deals with the sadder side of child-life. The tragedy of a child has always seemed to us infinitely more distressing than that of a "grown-up," if only from the fact that its elements are simpler and more easily combined. Nine of the ten short stories which make up "These Little Ones" contain a tragedy in some form or other; they are full of sorrow and sadness, but they are also exceptionally good. "The Three Mothers" and "The Dog-Dream" have made the deepest impression upon us, but "Thor and the Hammer"—the one really cheerful story—is somewhat conventionally improbable and less convincing. The book bears evidence of Mrs. Nesbit's close observation and accurate understanding of childhood; the stories are well managed and the author has the gift of being able to say exactly enough and not a word too much. The illustrations of Mr. Spencer Pryse are far in advance of the average book-illustration of the present day. But we are sorry that "These Little Ones" is not happier.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FAITH AND WORKS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By the Author of "Confessio Medici." 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

In his preface the author draws attention to the attacks upon Christian Science that have been published in America during the last two years, and from this he deduces that, in that country, "the church of Christ, Scientist, is passing, or will soon pass, from consolidation to disintegration." On the other hand, in this country there are no signs of disintegration, and it would appear that the number of converts (or perverts) to this remarkable faith is on the increase. Here is obviously an excellent opening for a book attacking the religion. Had the book been weak or deferential in its treatment, had the author been afraid of hurting the feelings of certain well-meaning, but utterly misguided, people, the opportunity would have been lost. Emphatically this is not the case with "Medicus's" work. His book is brilliant in its treatment and convincing in its logic. It is not difficult to give an idea of the scope of the work and of the lines on which "Medicus" bases his attack, for the author himself, in his last chapter, supplies a brief summary, which we quote: (i) Christian Science "is ignorant of the first principles of Philosophy, and makes use of long words without apprehension of their meaning. . . . (ii) She cannot square her sham neo-Platonism with Christianity, yet must hang on, somehow, to Christianity, that she may be able to work miracles. . . . She offers to us a mere burlesque of the Christian Faith. (iii) By her gross doctrine that God is Life and Life is God . . . she is landed in this absurdity, that she leaves all creatures but us out of her account of Creation. (iv) She denies the reality of injuries and diseases, affirming that they are errors of mortal mind: whereas, they belong to life, and therefore are real. (v) She denies the reality of pain: whereas, pain is an act of life, and therefore is real. Also, she practically ignores the difference between pain and disease, and the difference between 'functional' diseases and 'organic' diseases. (vi) She heals many 'functional' cases. (vii) Her testimonials are mostly worthless. She evades investigation. (viii) Judged by common sense, she is unscrupulous, uncharitable, cruel to small children. She has this merit, that she preaches Quietism; but her style of preaching is intolerable." In the course of a brief review, it is impossible to do justice to the book's merits. We can, however, say that "Medicus" supports his contentions with unanswerable arguments and incontrovertible evidence, and that he writes convincingly and well, at times indeed with a suppressed passion which marks his complete sincerity. We cannot recommend a better book on the subject.

THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC. By Frederick Lawton, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

The author asserts in his preface that "to any fair-minded observer it is evident that France is evolving as a nation"; and again that "sufficient has been done to prove that she is great in peace, as she has been great in war." This is the underlying idea of Mr. Lawton's book. But, though he eulogises the French, he can also criticise; and the result is an informing and interesting volume. All the more important aspects of the subject are dealt with. Starting with a chapter on the siege of Paris and the Commune, which, as Mr. Lawton rightly points out, "virtually belongs to the Republic," the history of the eight presidencies is given in half a dozen terse, but adequate, chapters. Four chapters are devoted to the literature, science, and art of the period, while Paris, the Mutualist Movement, Educa-

tion, and the Parliamentary System have one each. The book cannot be described as a serious history, but at least it is a painstaking and accurate record of a kind that should be useful—particularly in these days of the Entente—in giving a general view of the recent history and of the general progression of our nearest neighbours. It is also a relief after the popular biography of the present day to come upon a book for the general reader which is not machine-made and repetitive. In fact, the book is popular in the best sense. There are thirty-two good illustrations—twenty of them portraits and the remainder a somewhat curious collection of reproductions of the work of French artists. Probably it will be many years before we have an authoritative work on this subject; in the meantime Mr. Lawton has supplied an excellent stop-gap.

OLD LONDON. Compiled by Walter L. McNay. 3s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

It is difficult to look at this series of fifty reproductions of old engravings "illustrative of the London of our ancestors," and still to go on feeling quite sure that London has been altogether improved by the many and sweeping "improvements" that have recently been made in it. If you know the London Wall of to-day, with its big, heavy, ugly blocks of new buildings, its general businesslike plainness, you cannot pass from the presentation of London Wall as it was a hundred years ago without a sigh of regret for its old homely narrowness, its quaint, countrified aspect; the view of the Strand when it was still such a comparatively quiet thoroughfare that an apple-woman could keep her stall in the roadway and the menagerie did not seem out-of-place at the Exeter Exchange, makes you realise how much too noisy and featureless and overthronged with traffic that same changing Strand has become; or you study the etching of Chancery Lane, and the beautiful old house, with its richly decorated front and overhanging gables, that stood at the Fleet Street corner of it until as late as 1799, and wonder when, with all our boastfulness, we shall get builders who can build anything so lovely as some of the things they destroy. The pictures are well chosen and admirably reproduced, and the little note that precedes each of them gives a succinct and sufficient history of the place illustrated. This is a very artistically produced and curiously interesting volume that every lover of London will be glad to have in his library.

THE DOG WORLD AND ANTI-CAT REVIEW. Written and Illustrated by Dogs for Dogs. Assisted by Walter Emanuel. 1s. net. (Lawrence & Jellicoe.)

"With the exception of Dogs, almost every section of Society is represented by a journal to look after its interests. There are even Fly Papers," we are reminded in an editorial foreword; but there was no need to offer this or any other apology for presenting us with "The Dog World"—it is the quaintest, most irresponsibly and genuinely humorous thing in the way of a book that has come to hand this year. You may call it extravagantly farcical, absurdly whimsical, but there is no denying that it is all excellent good fun. Here you have dogs writing of man as man has hitherto written of dogs; they advertise for situations, advertise their businesses and professions, write letters to the paper about their grievances, are supplied with the first instalment of a thrilling serial, "It's Dogged that Does It," reports of social functions, of the mysterious murder of a wealthy Yorkshire terrier, the "Death of the Vice-President of the Cat-Scarers' Association," all the news of the day in the dog world, indeed, furnished with scare headlines, stop-press telegrams, and portraits of the dogs and men concerned. The art of the illustrations lies in their laughable crudity, and the merit of the whole book in the delightful spirit of gaiety and sly humour that pervades it from beginning to end.

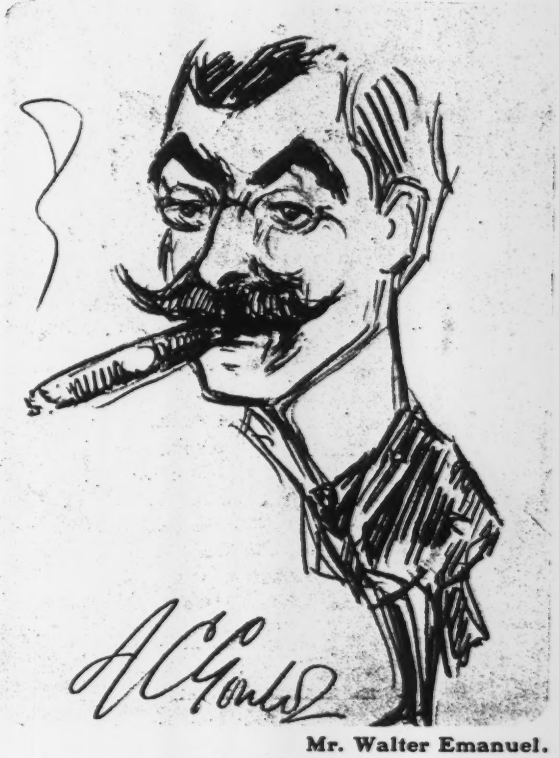
WAT TYLER. By Joseph Clayton. 1s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

This, the first of a new series of booklets on "English Revolutionary Leaders," gives a reliable, unvarnished account of the great uprising of the English people in 1381 and particularly of the great part played in that rising by Wat Tyler. School histories prejudice us in vain against him and against the peasant revolt that he headed; a little study of the facts that provoked that revolt, and a little reading of what is really known about the leaders who inspired it or were inspired by it, and our sympathy is with the rebels, and our admiration for those men of the people who helped them to realise their manhood. The marvel is that a populace so enslaved by tyrannical laws, so deliberately kept in ignorance and bestial servitude, could produce men of such heroic mould as Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw, and William Grindcobbe, to say nothing of Litster, Farringdon, and others of Tyler's lieutenants. Grindcobbe, when in prison, was offered a free pardon if he would persuade his followers to surrender the charters they had obtained, but being taken to speak with them, he said, "Friends, who after so long an age of oppression have at last won yourselves a short breath of freedom, hold firm while you can, and have no thought for me, or what I may suffer. . . . Act, therefore, to-day as you would have acted supposing that I had been slain yesterday at Hertford." It is no rascal who could use such words in such circumstances. Mr. Clayton retells the momentous story of this awakening of the English democracy concisely, temperately, and with marked literary ability; his brochure forms an interesting introduction to what should prove a useful and interesting series.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.

Whether you are a fisherman or not you cannot fail to find Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's new book a charming entertainment.



Mr. Walter Emanuel.
From a pencil sketch by Mr. A. C. Gould

But if you happen to be one of the angling fraternity, you will look upon it as a delightful, an engaging, and a thoroughly sound and useful companion. It is called **An Angler's Season** (3s. 6d. net), and its price seems altogether out of proportion to the pleasure it provides. Mr. Hodgson went angling from January till October, and he writes his experiences in his own easy manner, with the respect which a true fisherman feels for his sport, with honesty, enthusiasm, and no affectations. He follows the different fish from month to month, and reveals their haunts and their little ways, and the methods and care needful for success. If you have read the author's other books, you will not find this one superfluous; if you have not, you will assuredly make a point of doing so quickly. This volume is illustrated from photographs, and by word and picture it is likely to win many a new member for the brotherhood of the rod and line.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.

A lady (we guess) who writes under the initials "L. S." has studied the beauties of **Untravelled Berkshire** (7s. 6d. net) to some purpose, for in her meandering she has gathered a valuable and interesting store of folk-lore and anecdote, and a true knowledge of the Royal county and its more primitive inhabitants. Berkshire is "Tom Brown's Country," of course; one of its glories is the Vale of the White Horse; and, as this author has learnt, it is a curious mingling of progress and old-time habit. "L. S." writes of beautiful, unspoiled villages; of Berkshire lore and Berkshire revels and customs; of rural industries and surviving beliefs; of Berkshire sport, agriculture and characteristics. The book has a personal touch about it and is thoroughly entertaining.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

There is nothing mediocre about Mr. Joseph Prague's new novel, **Delusion** (6s.). It is an extremely good book, clever and thoughtful, and at the same time vivid and broad in its effect. Its first chapter shows Mr. Shannon (an excellent bit of characterisation) going to find one Stephen Shaw, and tell him of good fortune. Stephen Shaw is a young man, intellectual, poor, contemptuous of wealth, with originality, and a brain full of ideas. The effect of money on this individual is revealed in the story which follows. There are several sides of London life shown, and love is not omitted. The book is one to read slowly for its merit, and quickly for its lively sequence of events.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

In **Elizabeth Davenay,** by Claire de Pratz (6s.), we have a story of the life of a clever and charming girl, intellectual and well-educated, who, thrown upon her own resources in Paris, becomes a teacher of English in a girls' lycée. Such a position, it would seem, is held only by ill-featured and entirely unattractive women as a rule, and Elizabeth suffers from being a noticeable exception. She is "advanced," too, in her ideas, holds strong opinions as to women's rights and freedom, but is kindly and loyal, and fond of beautiful things and refined habits. The story tells of Elizabeth's daily life and her sufferings by reason of her tender humanity and love. One of the chief attractions of it lies in the clear, evidently first-hand, and detailed pictures it draws of what the home life of such teachers may be in Paris.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A particularly acceptable group of volumes is that which comes to us from Mr. Robert Culley, under the general title of "The Finsbury Library." The series is designed to present in cheap form books of history, biography, missionary enterprise, adventure, and poetry; and these first volumes are most attractive examples of the feast before us. There are half a dozen of them to begin with, and the first which delighted us is an abridged edition of **Wesley's Journal**; it is well abridged, giving a clear picture of the preacher's enthusiasm, humour, and pious work. Then come **Four Thousand Miles Across Siberia,** by C. Wenyon, M.D.; **Through Two Campaigns,** by A. H. Male; **Wesley's Veterans,** in two volumes, which gives autobiographies of some of the early Methodist teachers; and **The Great Chinese Awakening,** by A. R. Kelley. The volumes are only 1s. net each. The type is good, and in most cases large as well as clear; and the books as a whole are tasteful and well produced.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us a further Stevenson volume in their handy and charming "St. Martin's Library." This is **Essays of Travel** (2s. net and 3s. net). The fine-paper edition is admirable; and we could not suggest a better, more satisfactory manner in which a slender purse may obtain a delightful set of the shorter works of this author.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash now reprints René Bazin's impressive story, **The Nun,** in shilling form. This is its eighth edition in the English translation. Seven editions within one year are fair proofs of the novel's popularity. The welcome given to it in its new form will probably be another triumphant proof of it.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are issuing a popular edition of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's **New Theology** (1s. net). This edition is thoroughly revised and contains a new Preface, in which Mr. Campbell comments upon the first reception of his book, and the progress which has taken place since then.

In a neat, handy, and attractive volume Messrs. Thomas Murby & Co. publish a book which will be likely to lead many casual readers, at any rate, to Macaulay's works, who would never have dreamt of approaching the larger volumes. This is **Macaulay the Essayist** (1s. 6d.), consisting of well-chosen selections from the Essays and the miscellaneous works, edited by F. W. Raffety. It is distinctly an alluring little volume.

An extremely helpful series of little French books for pupils in that language is provided by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in "Siepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading." Eleven of these booklets have just reached us, and have provided quite a fascinating variety of literature; they are as follows: **Les Aventures du Dernier Abencérage,** by Chateaubriand; **Yvon et Finette,** by Edouard de Laboulaye; **Les Prisonniers du Caucase,** by Xavier de Maistre; **Les Deux Frères,** by Alexandre Dumas; **Le Col d'Anterne,** by Rodolphe Töpffer; **Le Chien Volant,** by Madame de Girardin; **Contes de Fées,** by Charles Perrault; **La Chasse au Lion,** by Jules Gérard; **Pif-Paf,** by Edouard de Laboulaye; **Les Jeunes Parisiens,** by Lucie Pezet; and **David le Trappeur,** by Emile Souvestre. These little red books are but sixpence each, and they contain sufficient notes and vocabulary to enable boys and girls to take the books to a quiet corner in playtime and read them for sheer pleasure.

New Books of the Month.

FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHARLESWORTH, SAMUEL.—Sin: Its Psychology. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
COMPTON-RICKETT, JOSEPH.—Origins and Faith. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
"Confessio Medici," Author of.—The Faith and Works of Christian Science. 3s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
FINOT, JEAN.—The Philosophy of Long Life. Translated from the French by Harry Roberts. 7s. 6d. net (John Lane)
JOHNSTON, CHRISTOPHER N., K.C., LL.D.—St. Paul and His Mission to the Roman Empire. "The Guild Library." 1s. 6d. net .....(T. & T. Clark)
JONES, RUFUS M., M.A., D.Litt.—Studies in Mystical Religion. 12s. net .....(Macmillan)
Mansfield College Essays. By various Writers. 12s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
New Testament, The Westminster. Thessalonians and Corinthians. Introduction by Rev. R. Mackintosh, D.D. 2s. net, 3s. net .....(Melrose)
QUIN, MALCOLM.—Aids to Worship. 1s. net (Grierson, Newcastle)
ROBINSON, J. ARMITAGE, D.D.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: An Exposition. 2s. 6d. net ..(Macmillan)
SMITH, HENRY PRESERVED, D.D.—The Prophets of Israel as Social Reformers. 1d. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
TRAVERS, CHARLES.—God, Man, and the Universe. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)

NEW EDITION.

CAMPBELL, REV. R. J.—The New Theology. Revised Edition. New Preface. 1s. net .....(Mills & Boon)

FICTION.

BENDALL, GERARD.—The Old Home. 6s. ..(Alston Rivers)
BULLEN, FRANK T.—Beyond. 6s. ....(Chapman & Hall)
BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—Davina. 6s. ..(Smith, Elder)
CANNAN, GILBERT.—Peter Homunculus. 6s. (Heinemann)
CLEGG, T. B.—Joan of the Hills. 6s. .....(John Lane)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—The White Sister. 6s. (Macmillan)
CROCKETT, S. R.—Rose of the Wilderness. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
DARCHE, MURIEL.—Coquette. 6s. .....(John Long)
DAWSON-SCOTT, C. A.—Treasure Trove. 6s. ..(Heinemann)
DEARMER, MABEL.—Gervase. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The Red Saint. 6s. ....(Cassell)
DE PRATZ, CLAIRE.—Elizabeth Davenay. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
DOWNES, MARION.—Swayed by the Storm. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
DUTT, ROMESH, C.I.E.—The Slave Girl of Agra. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
EDGE, K. M.—The Shutters of the Loom. 6s. ..(John Murray)
FABER, BERYL, and COSMO HAMILTON.—A Sense of Humour. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
FORBES, ETHEL M.—The Love-Tale of a Misanthrope. 6s. (Elliot Stock)
FORMAN, JUSTUS M.—The Quest. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
GARDINER, F. C.—Divided Houses. 6s. .....(John Long)

GARNETT, MRS. R. S.—The Infamous John Friend. 6s. (Duckworth)
GOULD, NAT.—The Jockey's Revenge. 2s. .....(John Long)
GRATACAP, L. P.—The Evacuation of England (Brentano, N.Y.)
HALIDOM, M. G.—A Son of Desolation. 6s. .....(Greening)
HANDASYDE.—Other Things than Love. 6s...(Hutchinson)
HARVEY, MARIE.—Satan, K.C. 6s. .....(John Long)
HEILGERS, HENRIETTA.—Stephen the Man. 6s. (John Long)
HELLEDOREN, J.—A Running Fight. 6s. ....(John Long)
HILL, HEADON.—A Traitor's Wooing. 6s.....(Ward, Lock)
HILLIERS, ASHTON.—As It Happened. 6s....(Hutchinson)
KING, ALIX.—The Romance of a Nun. 6s.....(Rebman)
LANE, ELINOR MACARTNEY.—Katrine. 6s.....(Harper)
LANGFIELD, JOHN.—Biddy the Spitfire. 6s. ...(John Long)
LAWRENCE, C. E.—Much Ado About Something. 6s. (John Murray)
LE BRETON-MARTIN, E.—The Boys of the Otter Patrol. "The Scout Library." Illustrated. 1s. net..(Pearson)
LITCHFIELD, MAY.—Floral Fairy Tales for Little Folk. No. 1. "A Wild Rose." Illustrated in Colour. 1s. net (H. J. Drane)
LUKEN, HENRI.—Raveltoft. 6s. .....(H. J. Drane)
MARSH, FRANCIS.—The Iron Game. 6s.....(A. C. Fifield)
MARSH, RICHARD.—The Girl in the Blue Dress. 6s. (John Long)
McCALL, FLORINDA.—Double Bonds. 6s.....(Cassell)
MEADE, L. T.—The Fountain of Beauty. 6s.....(John Long)
MEADE, L. T.—The Necklace of Parmona. With Illustrations. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
MELLOR, DORA.—Beauty Retire. 6s.....(Greening)
NESBIT, E.—These Little Ones. 3s. 6d. net (G. Allen & Sons
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—Jeanne of the Marshes. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
PEARD, FRANCES M.—The Flying Months. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
PRAGUE, JOSEPH.—Delusion. 6s.....(Greening)
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.—The Biography of a Silver Fox. With Illustrations. 5s. net .....(Constable)
STANTON, CORALIE, and HEATH HOSKEN.—The Tears of Desire. 6s.....(Werner Laurie)
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Priscilla of the Good Intent. 6s. .....(Smith, Elder)
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Willowdene Will. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
TEARLE, CHRISTIAN.—Holborn Hill: A Story of Nelson's Day. 6s.....(Mills & Boon)
WALLACE, EDGAR.—Captain Tatham of Tatham Island. 1s. net.....(Gale & Polden)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Daphne; or, Marriage à la Mode. 6s. .....(Cassell)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Veiled Lady. 6s...(John Long)
WILLIAMS, ROBERT.—Memoirs of a Buccaneer. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
WILSON, THEODORA WILSON.—The Bargain. 6s (Hutchinson)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—The "Swoop," or How Clarence Saved England. Illustrated. 1s. net. .....(Alston Rivers)
WOOD, MICHAEL.—The Riddle. 1s. .....(Rebman)
WYNDHAM, HORACE.—Mortimer's Marriage. 6s. (John Milne)

NEW EDITIONS.

BAZIN, RENÉ.—The Nun. 1s. net. .....(Eveleigh Nash)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Mascotte of Park Lane. 6d. net. (Greening)
GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—A Woman of Business. 6d. (John Long)
GULL, C. RANGER.—Back to Lilac Land. 6d. net. (Greening)
HUGO, VICTOR.—Les Misérables. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 6d. (Nelson)
MACRAE, REV. DAVID.—Dunvarlich, and other Writings. With Memoir of the Author. By George Eyre-Todd. 2s. 6d. net .....(John Smith, Glasgow)
NORRIS, W. E.—Clarissa Furiosa. 7d. net. .....(Nelson)
OLDMEADOW, ERNEST.—Susan. 1s. net. (Grant Richards)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—The Scarlet Pimpernel. 6d. net. (Greening)
TOWNLEY, HOUGHTON.—The Bishop's Emeralds. 6d. net (Greening)
TURNER, REGINALD.—Uncle Peaceable. 6d. net (Greening)
WATSON, HELEN H.—The Captain's Daughter. 6d. (Mills & Boon)
WELLS, H. G.—Love and Mr. Lewisham. 7d. net..(Nelson)
ZOLA, EMILE.—Drink. 6d. net .....(Greening)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Cupid and Common-sense. 2s. 6d. net .....(New Age Press)
CAMERON, W. J.—Poems. 3s. 6d. net .....(Longmans)
CARSWELL, DOUGLAS.—The Dawn, and Other Poems. 1s. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
COTTON, JULIAN JAMES.—A Book of Corpus Verses. 1s. net .....(Blackwell, Oxford)
FOGERTY, ELSIE, and AMY NANKIVELL.—Monologues for Recitation. 6d. net .....(Sonnenschein)
GRIFFITHS, E. M., M. G., B. G., and L. C. H. G.—With Club and Caddie. Verses and Parodies. 2s. 6d. net (Gibbings & Co.)
HUDSON, GILBERT.—Vanderdecken. 1s. net (Elkin Mathews)
MacBRIDE, MELCHIOR.—Glastonbury and the Grail. 4s. 6d. net .....(Hunter & Longhurst)
MONROE, ANITA.—A Rosary of Sonnets, and Other Poems. 1s. .....(H. J. Drane)
"RAILWAY LAD, A"—Poems. 6d. net ....(Baird, Belfast)
TAYLOR, MAURICE.—Songs of Solitude. 3s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
THAW, ALEXANDER BLAIR.—Paestum, and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net.....(Kegan Paul)
TITTERTON, W. R.—River Music, and Other Poems. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. .....(Elkin Mathews)
WEBB, F. J.—World-Music, and Other Poems. 1s. 6d. net (A. H. Stockwell)
YOUNG, RUTH.—The Philanthropists, and Other Poems. 1s. net .....(Elkin Mathews)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Bancrofts, The: Recollections of Sixty Years. With Illustrations. 15s. net .....(John Murray)
BREDON, JULIET.—Sir Robert Hart. With Illustrations. 6s. net. .....(Hutchinson)
CAIN, GEORGES.—Walks in Paris. Translated by Alfred Allinson, M.A. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net (Methuen)
CALLENDER, G. A. R., B.A.—Sea Kings of Britain. Albemarle to Hawke. With Maps and Plans. 3s. 6d. (Longmans)
"COLONIAL OFFICER, A."—Twenty-Five Years' Soldiering in South Africa. With Illustrations. 14s. net (Melrose)
COTTON-WALKER, FRANCES M.—Cloister to Court. 3s. 6d. (Longmans)
EAMES, JAMES BROMLEY, M.A., B.C.L.—The English in China. 20s. net .....(Sir Isaac Pitman)
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—Quaint Subjects of the King. With Illustrations. 6s. .....(Cassell)
GOSTLING, FRANCES M.—The Bretons at Home. With Illustrations in Colour and in Black and White. 10s. 6d. net .....(Methuen)
GRAY, THOMAS, V.D., J.P.—The Buried City of Kenfig. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.....(Fisher Unwin)
GRIERSON, FRANCIS.—The Valley of Shadows. 6s. net (Constable)
GUNNELL, DORIS.—Stendhal et L'Angleterre. 5s. (Ch. Bosse, Paris)
HARPER, C. G.—The Tower of London. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
HIGGINS, PATRICK, and F. V. CONOLLY.—The Irish in America. 6d. .....(Ouseley)
LEADAM, I. S., M.A.—The Political History of England. 1702–1760. Vol. IX. Complete in 12 vols. 7s. 6d. net (Longmans)
LEES, FREDERIC.—A Summer in Touraine. With Illustrations, in Colour and Otherwise. 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
L. S.—Untravelled Berkshire. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low)
LUBBOCK, PERCY.—Pepys. "Literary Lives Series." 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
LUTZOW, THE COUNT.—The Life and Times of Master John Hus. 12s. 6d. net .....(Dent)
MACFALL, HALDANE.—Vigée Le Brun. With Reproductions in Colour. 1s. 6d. net .....(T. C. & E. C. Jack)
MAKOWER, STANLEY V.—Richard Savage: A Mystery in Biography. With Illustrations. 16s. net (Hutchinson)
MANN, ALEXANDER.—Yachting in the Pacific. 6s. (Duckworth)
McCABE, JOSEPH.—The Iron Cardinal. 15s. net (Eveleigh Nash)
MOORE, MABEL.—Days in Hellas. With Illustrations. 6s. net .....(Heinemann)
MURRAY, HENRY. A Stepson of Fortune. Memories, Confessions and Opinions. 10s. 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)
MYERS, JACK M.—The Story of the Jewish People. In 2 vols. Vol. I. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
Servia: By the Servians. Compiled and Edited by Alfred Stead. With Map. 12s. 6d. net .....(Heinemann)
STALEY, EDGCUMBE.—Famous Women of Florence. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net .....(Constable)
TURQUAN, JOSEPH.—The Love Affairs of Napoleon. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. With Portraits. 12s. 6d. net .....(John Lane)
VAILE, P. A. Y.—America's Peril. 6s. ..(Francis Griffiths)
WADDINGTON, SAMUEL.—Chapters of My Life: An Autobiography. 7s. 6d. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
WALKER, HENRY.—Stamford, with its Surroundings. With Illustrations. 6d. net .....(F. Warne & Co.)
WEULE, DR. KARL.—Native Life in East Africa. Translated by Alice Werner. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net .....(Sir Isaac Pitman)